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WESTERN AMERICANA

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A
BOOK
FOR THE
MARRIED AND SINGLE,
THE
GRAVE AND THE GAY:
AND ESPECIALLY DESIGNED
FOR
STEAMBOAT PASSENGERS.

BY MISS ANN ARCHBOLD,
WOODSFIELD, OHIO.

EAST PLAINFIELD, OHIO.
Printed at the Office of the "Practical Preacher."

N. A. BAKER, PRINTER.
1850.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Miss Ann Archbold, in the Clerk's Office for the District Court of Ohio.

TO THE LADIES.

THE following pages are designed, if possible, to call off the youthful mind from the light and false productions of the day. Believing that truth is more surprisingly strange, as well as often more deeply affecting than fiction, and that it can be rendered more agreeable to every uncorrupted taste; I now offer this little unpretending volume to the public, hoping that it will not be severely criticised, as it is the first effort of an unpractised pen. I have followed no one's course or directions, but generally have written from the impulse of the moment my own thoughts without embellishment, being assured that those for whom this book is designed, will prefer the effusions of the mind, to the labors of the head. When I returned to Ohio from the Indian Nation, I was afflicted with a severe cough and chills, which rendered me incapable of attending to any business, that required much effort of either body or mind. I concluded to collect a few of my juvenile poems and write the history of some events that I had noticed with peculiar interest; hoping that what elicited my attention so much, might afford others some pleasure and profit. I need not say, to those who are thoroughly acquainted with me, that I have written nothing but unvarnished truth: this I know they will readily believe. The history of persons either came under my own observation, or was derived from some authentic source.

The poetry was written at different times, and under different circumstances, to please a friend, or to answer a present purpose, without the most distant thought of ever submitting it to public view. I never thought myself a favorite of the muse, being almost constantly engaged in matters that so fully occupied my time, I could devote but a mere shred or fragment of a rapidly passing hour, now and then, to writing of any kind. The travels in the West, were almost entirely written from memory, having kept nothing but a journal of a religious kind, not even referring to the Country. I wrote them, at the instance of some friends, who, I hope, will find something to amuse, if not to profit them. They claim no merit but truth. The Selections from Ancient History were made with a view to elicit attention to historical facts, and call the mind from the perusal of those wretched Romances and Novels, that fill it with unreal ideas, and prepare it for future disappointment and misery, to the study of works of antiquity. Here, in a condensed form, you have a history of some of the greatest men and events of former ages. It is the best treat in the book. The pieces on the Cities, Heat, Light, Benevolence, the word Farewell, &c., were all written from circumstances that led the writer to suppose they might be useful to some curious reader, who would be induced to read them from the fact of their having fallen from the pen of a female. If any are benefitted, the design of the writer will be fully accomplished, as she asks not for fame. The article on Family Government might be greatly amplified, as the author has spent many years in difdifererent families, marking the deleterious effects of bad government, inefficient government, and no government, ALL ruinous in their consequences to the rising generation. O! that parents did but know that the subjection of the will, and the habitual practice of constant obedience would contribute to the happiness and respectability of their children, as well as enhance their own joy. Who can believe that a rude, boisterous, passionate set of youngsters can be happy themselves, or make any one so, who comes in contact with them? I am certain many would prefer a journey to Mecca, or banishment to some Island of the Sea, to being confined to scenes of this kind for a length of years. Every word is true that I have written on this subject, save the slight alteration of some names, and I will add that the half has not even been touched. I have written for the Married and the Single, for the Grave and the Gay, and especially with an eye to the Ladies, as they give an impetus to society in all civilized nations, that is felt in every class and relation of life. I will ask them then, to lay aside those sickly productions of fancy that beguile the heart and mislead the young, and study sober truth. How can you bear to read words that burn, and sentiments that thrill the heart with the deepest emotions, and yet know that all is false coloring and base disguise? It is true that good morals are taught in some books of fiction, but truth needs no covering. It is like a beautiful woman, "when unadorned, adorned the most."

I have no reference to those noble works of imagination, such as Pollock's course of Time, or Milton's Paradise Lost, but merely those romances of love, or foolish works that make the hero or heroine of their story, either a deity or a demon.

I wish that some abler pen would write a book for the entertainment of steamboat passengers. I have been pained to see them buy the veriest trash of some emissary of darkness, while the colporteur, who brought on a collection of devotional books, met an entire repulse, if not an open insult; that, too, sometimes from those who profess to follow the meek and lowly Jesus. I wonder how they would feel to sink to the bottom of the river, with these evil works in their hands, and then to stand before the judgment seat, where every "work will be brought to view, with every secret thing."

And now permit me to say, that though "I covet no man's silver or gold," yet the price of this little work will be much needed to refund the expenditure of publishing, &c. If any of its readers should be tempted to complain of it, let them remember that it was written under embarrassed circumstances, in rooms always accessible to company, and often under the influence of disease. It contains the first offerings of a juvenile pen, as well as some more matured reflections of riper years. All the matter that is not marked by quotations, is original, so far as originality can be attributed to a poor worm of earth, who is indebted to religion, science and literature, for all that she knows, or can know, beneath the sun. But what I mean is this: I have not borrowed a single line from any one, intentionally, without marking it as borrowed. I hope that it will find many purchasers, as the proceeds will, I trust, be devoted to the best of purposes. Buy it, friends; it will not cost much. A. A.

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A

BOOK FOR THE MARRIED AND SINGLE, THE GRAVE AND THE GAY.

SECTION 1.

The Two Cities.

While making a tour through the Western States, some years since, I was much pleased with the appearance of one city. The streets crossed each other at right angles. It had beautiful churches, splendid houses, elegant gardens, and rich shrubbery, with variegated flowers, fine walks shaded with trees. A majestic river washed its borders. Here the young, the healthful, and the gay, walked abroad in all the pomp and pride of life. They seemed to revel in all the luxuries of nature without any thing to mar their bliss; for though "they toiled not, neither did they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Their costume was of the costliest material, made in the most fashionable manner. They visited the gay saloon and costly mansions, devoted to the most fanciful delights. Music, too, floated on every breeze. I was indeed ready to exclaim; what a charming place! But as I tarried long in this city, I discovered, that with all its scenes of grandeur, and loveliness, and song, there was much that was painful. Here pestilential winds blew, bringing with them disease and death—here might be seen, poor, emaciated forms, creeping slowly along, looking as if life was a burden, too intolerable to be borne. The poor, wore the most wretched garments, and were the veriest slaves to the rich.—There were miserable hovels where the poor inmates could scarcely procure enough to sustain life. There, too, were dens of iniquity, where liquid poison was constantly being handed out, to despicable creatures, who drank it down as if it had been the water of life. In these lovely streets were often seen the slowly moving hearse, giving the most demonstrative evidence, that death was there, prostrating the proudest, as well as the humblest forms of earth. The young were often clad in the habiliments of mourning. Many, very many eyes, were suffused with tears, and many a bosom heaved with emotion. When I looked upon these scenes, my heart grew sad, and I sighed for a more congenial abode, where the inhabitants never say that they are sick, where no sorrows enter, and where death never intrudes,

One day, after leaving this place, while journeying along, a friend presented me with the Geography of a city that seems in unison with my most ardent desires. Now, as I have no certain dwelling place, but am seeking for a permanent abode, I think that I cannot do better, than to turn my face towards that beautiful city. Like ancient Babylon, it is four square, with walls great and high. These walls, or rather the foundations of these walls, were made of the most costly stones of every possible color. But instead of having one hundred gates as old Babylon had, it has only twelve. "But they are not shut by day, and they have no night there." They were not made for defence, but for beauty and convenience. The gates are of the richest pearls. The streets are exceedingly beautiful, being made of the purest metal known, as transparent as glass. There are lovely streams of water, clear as chrystal, gliding through these plains. The gardens are not suspended in the air, like those of Babylon, but are laid out over the city, where these gentle rivers meander. The shores of these waters are thickly set with beautiful groves. There are trees that bud and bloom and bear delicious fruit every month, whose leaves possess medicinal qualities—but these are for exportation, for THERE, the inhabitants are never diseased. Unfading flowers of every hue, grow along those banks, and roses without thorns. Perpetual verdure gives freshness and vigor to every thing around. Here the inhabitants wander along those rivers, plucking the fruits, or gathering the flowers, or plunging into the streams, as may suit their inclination.—

They dread no danger, fear no disease, feel no want, have no unsatisfied desires—know no weariness.

One most astonishing thing, is this, that, however diseased, deformed, or aged they may be throughout the journey, there, as soon as they reach one of the gates of this city, their diseases are banished, deformity puts on the utmost loveliness, and age drops its wrinkles, and assumes the beauty and vigor of youth. For true it is, that though some of the inhabitants have been there several hundred years, yet time has never wrinkled their brows, nor chilled their blood, nor paralyzed their limbs. No, no, like the flowers of that pleasant country, they bloom in perpetual verdure. They are fanned by the purest breezes, laden with the sweetest perfumes. All, ALL, is undiminished pleasure there, and joy unutterable and unending. They have golden instruments of music, giving the most pleasing harmony of sounds that ever broke upon the ear, or thrilled the heart of the lover of song. The inmates of that delightful place wear robes of pure white, purchased at an immense price, yet freely given to them without money. Their ornaments are all of wrought gold. They have crowns beset with gems, and bear palms in token of victory. Though many of them were once poor beggars, and some of them wretched slaves, yet there they all wear the insignia of state, being recognized as royal heirs to an imperishable kingdom. But it is in vain for one who has never entered into those regions, and who has only had some faint views of the place through a telescope, to give any thing like an adequate description of its charms. I willingly confess, that all the language with which I have ever been acquainted, seems too weak and impoverished, to describe the inconceivable glory, and grandeur, of that lofty abode. And I frankly own that my best thoughts have been formed by reading a description of the place, given by one highly favored being, who was permitted to see it, not through a glass, darkly, but in open vision.—He talked of a king that reigned in righteousness, on a throne of consolidated glory, and light. But as I am conscious of my own ignorance of the whole matter, I will attempt no farther description, but endeavor to find the road to that blessed place. I am well assured that it is a narrow way; yet it is as free for a beggar as a prince, as open for the most degraded slave as the mightiest monarch. Though "no vulture's eye has ever marked that road, no lion's whelp has ever trod upon it, yet the redeemed walk there," and find it to be as described:

A beautiful city of light,
  Its walls are most rich to behold;
Its streets, so transcendently bright,
  They shine like the purest gold.

No need of the sun or the moon,
  For the Lord is the light of that place;
"And it shines, as it ever has done,"
  With richness, and glory, and grace.

The waters that glide through the plain
  Are lovely, transparent, and pure;
All ALL, who this kingdom obtain,
  Will riches eternal secure.

No trouble or sorrow is seen,
  No anguish or weeping is there,
No sickness and death intervene,
  No sighing, or pining, or care.

The weary there rest from their toil;
  The wicked no entrance can find;
They never will tarnish that soil,
  With pollutions of body or mind.

The ransomed will dwell in that place,
  And sing in melodious strains,
The songs of redemption and grace,
  All over those beautiful plains.

The Lamb is their Priest and their song,
  Their shepherd, and shield, and delight;
Their triumph, as day rolls along,
  "Which never is followed by night."

No language can ever portray
  The bliss that is laid up in store,
For those who are striving each day,
  That holy abode to secure.

Then [illegible], let us prune our glad wings,
  And soar to the mansion of rest,
And join with the seraph who sings,
  The glorified song of the bless'd.

A Poem:

WRITTEN FOR ONE WHO SAID, "WRITE ABOUT THE ELDERS AND THE THRONE."

O! were I favored of High Heaven,
As the beloved John, and caught in vision
Up, to see the eternal throne: then, I
Might write with ease, with eloquence divine,
A theme, so full of matter infinite, 'twould
Burn upon the heart, and make the spirit
Feel, for I would write of the great throne, and
Of the beauteous bow that plays around,
With radiant glory bright ; and of angels,
Seraphim and Cherub high, together,
With the host redeemed from earth, who have
Gone up through tribulation deep, and washed
Their robes in Christ's most precious blood, and wear
Immortal crowns, and bear the conqueror's
Palm, and sing doxologies, to him, who
Sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb.
And I might specify a few, who here
Conspicuous shone, such as old Enoch,
Who did walk with God. Abraham, who once
Offer'd up in sacrifice, his son, by
Promise given, and Moses, who aspired
To richer treasures than all Egypt could
Afford, with old Elijah, who arose
To heaven in a triumphal car,
Unscathed, untouched by death. But time
Would fail me if I'd try to tell of all
The holy men of old, who dwelt in dens

And caves, of whom the world was most unworthy.
But I again would talk of the bright world
Where their bless'd spirits reign, for there they're
Designated Priests and Kings to God, and
To the Lamb. There, there, they wander over
The celestial plains, incapable of
Aught, but bliss in full perfection. I fain
Would look upon the streams that issue from
Beneath the throne, and water all the groves
Of Paradise around. Pleased I would
Taste the fruit of life's fair tree, and gather
From those boughs that bear twelve kinds of fruit,
Whose leaves divinely heal. But most ecstatic
Joy of all, 'twould be to look upon that
Blessed One, who bore my weight of guilt in
His own body. Yes, I'd love to see that
Face, once rudely spit upon, that HEAD, that
Wore a crown of thorns for me, but O! what
Heavenly radiance girts it now. Those
Eyes once weeping over the misery,
Of man, are now a flame of burning fire;
His countenance, above the brightness of
The sun in his meridian glory.
He sits upon the throne, while bursting peals
Of thunder echo through the vault of heaven,
And vivid lightnings too, bear testimony
That He is Lord of lords, and King of kings;
The Alpha, the Omega, the First, the
Last in being's endless chain. No wonder!
That the Elders prostrate fall, and cast their
Burnish'd crowns before his face, whilst glory
Shrouds the scene from mortal vision.

A Traveling Excursion.

I started in 1845 to the West in company with Mr. Davison and family. My intention was to get among Indians with a view to give instruction to their children, having from my infantile days, felt deep impressions of the kind. I parted with my friends in Virginia with feelings of grief, being fully assured, that I should never meet some of them again on the shores of time. I was not mistaken in this, for a cherished one died long before my return. I stopped in Woodsfield a few days with my brothers, and then took the parting hand. I spent the first Sabbath at Zanesville; heard Rev. Crumb preach—was treated with great kindness, at a Preacher's house by the name of Oliver. On Monday started on my way in fine spirits, stopped at good houses, and was well entertained until we got to Springfield; here as I was quite out of sight of all that I had ever known or loved—save Mr. Davison's family, I began to feel sad. It was near the close of a very fine day in October when we drew near the town. We called at a very decent house of private entertainment. When I was about to take my seat the lady remarked that she was in haste about supper that evening, as a social meeting was to be held at one of the churches in Springfield that night. Now the desire for supper fled, and without tasting one mouthful, I put off with the family to meeting. Rev. Simmons was there. The meeting began, continued, and ended, in a most pleasing, and profitable manner—I spoke with a full heart, told them what my purpose was, in going West, and then sat down almost overcome with deep emotions. I never felt myself surrounded with more heavenly minded Christians than those appeared to be. After the meeting closed many of them came and clasped my hands with uncommon fervor.—O, I shall remember these dear strange Christian friends while memory lasts. One pressed a dollar into my hands which I afterwards gave to the Mission cause. Elder Simmons asked my name, he knew my brother, and so seemed glad to see me, and I shall long have cause to rejoice that I saw him; for he not only invited me to his house—but when I went, presented me with a book that was made a blessing to me more than once since that time; I hope that he may be rewarded amply for this kindness. The book was entitled, "The way to Holiness," written by Mrs. Palmer, and truly it is one of the best practical little works that I have ever read.

This week we got to a town called Eaton, and spent the Sabbath with a clever family of the name of Dean. I went to meeting with himself and daughters, and so the day glided away most pleasantly. On Monday we started again with renewed vigor, but the cold and rain abated our ardor some. We soon got into Indiana. I was pleased to see the Capital of this State, having read a splendid account of its State-house. I took a good look at its outside, as we passed—it looked for all the world, like a fine large building covered with slate!

I was quite amused with the tact of a very fine looking man who came up with us, and, as seemed to be common in that part, began to inquire whither we were bound and who we were. Davison informed him that I was a teacher going to the West. He then turned to me and said, "suppose you stop and teach for us, we are in great want of a female teacher." I told him I thought I could not, as I wanted to go farther West." O, do, said he, if you will, you can get our Governor, he is a fine man, has a good house, and but one child, being a widower." I told him that he held out strong inducements, but that the men were so ungrateful that I feared I should be repulsed, if I should stop with that view. So we passed on and left the poor man, and I have never had the good fortune to get a peep at the Governor since, although I have heard of him more than once.

We soon got into the most intolerable bad roads that I ever saw, or wish to see again. Mr. D. had been promising to take me over some Rail Road, and if ever a poor mortal sighed to come in view of Cars, I did; but behold, instead of Cars, we came to one of those famous roads, covered with round logs, often broken down in the middle—here my horse would plunge in deep mud and bring the buggy down with a sudden crash, enough to endanger one's life. Then by another desperate effort he would bring the buggy upon another pile to remain only a moment, for down the poor fellow would plunge again into a deep mire hole. I looked around more than once to see what chance of escape there would be, in case the horse became entirely swamped; but saw no living chance, as these beautiful logs were rotten at both ends, as well as broken down in the middle, and the mud was so deep that no human female could walk through it. However, as misery loves company, we had the gratification to find that we were not alone in this "slough of despond" — for along came a gentleman wading through the mud knee deep and deeper, leading a horse, fastened to a fine new buggy, with its shafts spliced on with a rope — having broken them off in the siege. He seemed to be as patient as Job, for instead of complaining he looked very pleasantly as he passed me, and said, "Such a buggy riding I never did see." This nerved me up to suffer and endure. So by a mighty effort of man and beast, we were brought over this ever memorable road after a severe day's travel of only a few miles — I was truly glad to find a resting place for the night for soul and body, as both seemed weary. But we had now got to a part of the country, but sparsely settled, and of course the houses were none of the best. Our Inns, for a long way consisted of but one room with mostly some kind of a kitchen. The room was well fitted up with beds, as mamma and daddy, children and grand-children had to occupy this room for sleeping, as well as all the strangers that chanced that way. This was, I confess, very trying to my feelings; for I often found it a little difficult to retire to rest amidst so many bright inquiring eyes. The young gents seemed very desirous to know what kind of dresses the ladies retired to rest in. So I more than once plead with the old ladies to hang up sheets in the front of the beds so as to obscure the visual angle, but it was extremely difficult to secure one's self from these close observers; for there were often many of them, and they arranged themselves so admirably, as to be able to take a view at every point, either in direct or oblique lines. However, I could not always succeed with the old ladies. I need not add that the cries of the numerous children was a great annoyance to me. But I always found something to divert my mind in some measure, so that I generally got along first rate.

After we had passed this part of the country, we came to a more densely populated place. Here, we came in contact with that dreadful disease called milk-sickness. But we hoped to escape it, as we never could get quite in the region where it was, for according to information given by the people, it was always two or three miles ahead of us, or the same distance behind. However, by accident, or otherwise, I must have had some of it. I became so exceedingly sick, that I now think, and then thought, my life would have been endangered, had I not have had immediate recourse to a very powerful medicine. I felt from the first, as if I had taken a heavy portion of calomel. It was the blessed Sabbath, at a kind old widower's, who had some three or four daughters, still single, living with him. As he was very much diseased with dyspepsia, I prescribed for him, and so grateful was he, that he did not want to charge me any thing.

We passed on, without any special occurrence, more than the common routine of things, until we reached some of the largest prairies I ever saw. The first I got on, that elicited much attention, was one that appeared to be the earth's extreme, for when we got to the middle, the horizon seemed to bound it on every side, without the smallest tree or shrub to break the vision. Not a plant was to be seen, for a recent fire had destroyed every vestige of vegetation. Nothing presented itself to view, but the heavens above and the earth below, save now and then, a prairie bird, or some traveller in the distance. I stopped and wondered and adored, not the infidel's God, NATURE, but nature's God. My feelings were more expanded than my vision. They seemed to swell and mount upwards towards the throne of the Eternal, as if struggling to grasp, at least, some faint idea of the Being that possessed such infinite powers, as not only to spread out these vast plains, and preserve them for so many years, far from the haunts of busy man, as if he designed them alone, for beast and bird, insect and worm; but who also "spread out the heavens as a curtain, stretched out the north over the empty space, and hung the earth upon nothing." I know not, that I ever felt more thrilling emotions when alone. I had purposely let Mr. D. go on before, while I enjoyed the luxury of the scene, with none to see, but the One who formed the eye, with none to hear the bursting joy, but He who planted the ear, and gave the thinking soul its energies. I now believe that some of the brightest, purest, holiest thoughts I ever had, filled my bosom at this time with unutterable delight. I thought of the vast plains of light beyond this mortal ken; of the groves of bliss, and of the waters of life. This mighty plain lacked these two features, almost indispensible requisites, I might say, of grandeur and beauty. Yet it gave a sublime idea of the immensity of space, and of creative power. When I came up with Mr. D. I began to tell him how much I was pleased with the prairie. He laughed heartily, and said, "you will be sick enough of them before the journey ends; wait until you have to lie out a night or two, and then you will be satisfied."

We travelled on, however, without having to lie out, though several times we came very near being compelled to do so. More than one evening's sun found us many miles from any habitation that could give us shelter. Yet by accelerating our speed, and adding a good portion of the night to the day, we always found some enterprising Yankee, or clever Yorker, who would willingly take us in for the dimes. The great want of water on some of the prairies, was an obstacle to our getting entertainment at some of the houses. It had been a very dry season, no rain having fallen from May until that period, being near the last of October, sufficient to lay the dust, and of this latter article we had quantities. I used to enjoy our dinner most deliciously, in this travel. We would locate ourselves for the time being, close by some slough, in order to secure water for ourselves and horses, some of us would gather sticks and light up a fire with matches, while others brought water, made the tea, spread the table cloth, and opened out the victuals. By this time, Mr. D. had the horses attended to, so in cheerful glee, we all partook of the food so plentifully provided for us, by a bountiful benefactor, who had given us the means to secure these blessings, by the dollars lent us, before we left for the west. We always had supper and breakfast at the houses we lodged at, but our dinners uniformly came off in the way above described, by some stream, slough, or hog-pond, the latter of which was sadly revolting to my feelings; yet there was no alternative, for we might travel miles on miles without finding any better fare; for hogs claimed it as their undeniable right to drink or bathe whenever they choose in one of these reservoirs. I was sometimes forcibly reminded of an old adage I heard when a child, though not of the most refined kind, yet it seemed in place here; it was "root hog or die." Now, in some places, it seemed as if the hogs must root or famish, such is the destitution of water in many parts in the west. But I suppose that I can reconcile it with my feelings to take a little more dirt in water than in any thing else, from the fact that I cannot dispense with it as a beverage, for any considerable time, without the most intense suffering. This makes me often feel like adoring the Being who gives us this blessing in such liberal quantities, in these hills and valleys. In this, we have the advantage of the finest prairie country in the world.

The setting sun, in one of these wide fields of nature, is among the most magnificent sights I ever beheld. Whoever looks upon it once can never forget the sight, unless he be insensible to the works of God, and the most interesting scenes in nature. The clouds towards sunset spread over at least half the horizon. with such brilliant, yet varied colors, that they dazzle the eyes, as well as rejoice the heart, to behold them. The disc of the sun, seems greatly enlarged, just as he is about to leave, and plunge, as it were, into the bosom of the earth ; for he does not sink behind a hill, or below the trees, in these large plains, for one very good reason—but seems to sink into the earth, as before remarked—yet his radiance shows most vividly upon the clouds that skirt the horizon, long after he has made his disappearance ; and when darkness has covered the east, the west will be lighted up most gloriously — at all events, beyond the conception of any one who has never visited a prairie country, in the summer or autumnal seasons. But I will not try to describe it further, feeling assured that I can scarcely give any the faintest idea of the loveliness of the scene, who have been raised among the hills and trees of Virginia and Ohio. All that I will say is, go and see for yourselves and then you will say "the half has never been told me."

We now and then came to a fine grove reared by the hand of man. This became very desirable, as change is always pleasing, especially to weary travelers. I always hailed the return of the Sabbath with joy, knowing it would bring rest to the body, if not delight to the soul. But the last I spent in company with Mr. D., was one of the most painful days I ever saw when in health, and passing under no uncommon calamity. We stopped on Saturday evening, on the east side of Illinois river, at a house that looked well on the outside, but the inmates were demons in human form. There I had the meanest fare and the largest bill I had paid on the route. I was informed afterwards by respectable persons, that the inhabitants were perfect out-laws—that the old man had been shot down for crime, as he could be taken in no other way.

I have felt under lasting obligations to Mr. D., for his kindness in putting up over Sabbath, as he was not a professor of religion, and having all his family with him, he was at considerable expense. He resides in Iowa, and had been to Virginia, on a visit to his, and his wife's parents. They had five children with them; so to stop several days on the road, was a favor to me, not to be forgotten, as I could not conscientiously travel on that holy day, which I had been taught from my childhood to observe sacredly.

We now drew near the bluffs of the Mississippi river, and O! how I rejoiced to view it, like a blue streak in the distance. When we approached its banks, I was amused at two very good-looking young men, who came to meet us. They were sent out by the owners of two ferries located at a short distance from each other. Their object was to allure travelers to cross the river in the boats of their employers; one being a steam, and the other a horse boat. Never did two young men more faithfully discharge their duty. They plead as if their lives were at stake. One declared that the steamboat was far preferable, both in point of velocity and safety, the other protested that the horse-boat could cross twice, while the other was raising the steam, and was withal, much the pleasantest boat. Mr. D., very good-naturedly listened to them for near an hour, while we all stood waiting to hear these eloquent young orators, I was glad to get rid of them, however,by advising them both to study law, as I was assured that they would make able practitioners. They both offered to have me taken over for nothing, as the owners of the boats would agree to all that they said. I chose to pay, though I found it true as they said. We went down to the horse-boat, but the wind blowing severely, we made our way back to the old steamer, as we had the good fortune to see her nearing our shore, puffing and blowing like something mad. She was so large, that all fear of being overturned in the river now subsided, and we were soon safely landed on the shore at Burlington. I was truly glad to find many old acquaintances in this far off land. I went seven miles farther in Iowa with Mr. D., and then took leave of my kind protector, his beautiful wife, and pleasant children—sorry indeed to part with companions endeared by a long travel; yet I was glad to get among old, kind friends, and rest awhile. I regret to say that I have been informed, lately, that Mrs. D., is dead. Peace to her memory!

SECTION III.

While in Iowa, I went to a meeting where I met Rev. Andrew Coleman, formerly a member of the Pittsburgh Conference. I was truly glad to see his face once more. He had often preached at my mother's in days of yore, when my heart beat young and light; but now that loved mother, with many other friends, have passed away to a world of spirits, and left me alone. He, too, had felt the blighting hand of death, for in a very few years he had been called to lay two very amiable wives in the tomb. I was pleased to find, however, that he had not been abandoned by men, nor forsaken by women; but had secured to himself another intelligent and interesting wife. We had a pleasant and profitable quarterly meeting, after which I hastened to be gone. Having relations in Quincy, Ill., and not finding any Indians in Iowa, as I had hoped, I started from my good friends, and old acquaintance, John Ripley, once a resident of

Tyler county, Va., but then located within seven miles of Burlington. He procured a gentleman, as my safeguard and conductor, and a very good one he proved. We came by the place, near Burlington, where two Mormons had been executed. The gallows was still standing. Their name was Hodge. They had murdered a man for his money. Coming over to Iowa, under the pretence of borrowing money, they were directed to this man's house. They went to it, and asked to borrow; the man proffered to lend them a considerable sum. They told him they would go and bring suitable security; so they waited for the darkness of the night, and then came in the most unsuspected hour, with a dark lantern, and stabbed the poor fellow in his bed; his wife gave such an alarming shriek as she sprang from her bed, that these guilty creatures fled before they secured their booty — in their flight the oldest one dropped his cap, which being of a peculiar make, was recognized and sworn to, by several individuals at the trial. The poor man lived to testify to the murderers. One of them was an eloquent fellow, and had like to have rescued himself and brother by pleading his own case. He declared his innocence — said that he could prove that he was in Nauvoo at the time the murder had taken place — said further, that it was only because they were Mormons that they were arrested. A great excitement in their favor now took place, many thinking that it was hard that they must die, merely because they were Mormons.

Three witnesses came up from Nauvoo; one was the sister of the Hodge's, another the intended wife of the elder Hodge; and, the third a man who was not related to them. These were all that were thought necessary, as the saints, (as they call themselves,) have a right to swear to any thing, that will favor the cause of one of the brotherhood. No doubt, but these murderers, would have been cleared, but that the court determined that the witnesses should be separated while giving in their testimony, and so they were prevented from hearing each other, and having as appeared, no preconcerted plan, their testimony did not agree. The sister swore that she was playing cards with her elder brother until after midnight, the hour when the deed was done many miles above Nauvoo. The lover testified, he was with her at a dance nearly all that night. The man deposed, that he was walking with him on the levee until after the hour. Thus they disagreed, though all were at Nauvoo the night the murder was committed.

The rest of the testimony was quite in unison with the specimen above; so they were condemned to die. The sister tried to take them a bowl of poison, but was not suffered; she and the intended bride, both fainted when they heard the sentence pronounced. The Mormons declaring their innocence, refused to listen to the minister of mercy, and so passed off into that eternal world where every one will receive a just reward, according to the deeds done in life. I had this whole account from Col. Inghram, and other respectable witnesses, who attended the trial and witnessed the execution.

Now, if the reader will excuse this long detail about murder: I will say some more about my journey to Quincy. We stopped at Rev. Coleman's in Burlington, partook of a good dinner, and after receiving his earnest prayers for our safety, as well as a solemn charge to my conductor to take special care of me, telling him that he would hold him amenable at the bar of God for his conduct towards me. We bade adieu to Rev. C., and his very interesting wife, and hastened on our journey. I will just say here, that no act of Rev. C's. life, could have endeared his memory more to me, and it would be well indeed if all ministers felt as much interested for females, who are thrown upon a cold inhospitable world. The reason of the Rev. C's. solicitude, in part was this, that many men that had all their lives sustained a good character were now turning Mormons in Illinois, and doing deeds of desperation. This made it difficult to know whom to trust, and though this man belonged to a respectable body of professing Christians, and had a good unblemished character so far as known in that country, yet fears were entertained by some of my friends that he would turn Mormon. and betray his trust, as I had some money with me, and just so soon as we should leave the Burlington shore, and reach the Illinois, we would be on ground comtaminated by these vile robbers. As to myself I felt no fear, I had solemnly committed myself, my little all, to the guardian care of One who was infinitely able to keep me safe, amidst the greatest dangers. Besides I had just returned from a room where I had been spreading my case before the Lord, asking for a suitable conductor, as my friend Ripley was sick, and his sons far from home, some of whom I had expected to accompany me to Quincy, when this gentleman called and agreed with Mr. R., to accompany me to my relations. I have been thus particular, in order to encourage females, should they ever find themselves similarly situated. To them I can say, "there is no fear to them who trust in God." As we passed through B., I could not but view with astonishment the dense population of that newly settled place, every street seemed crowded with business men; all the stores were thronged with customers, and every alley teemed with carts, drays, horses and drivers. As we receeded from the Burlington shore I counted ninety houses, many of them splendid new brick buildings, with an appearance of ease and elegance about them, that made it a matter, of some interest at least, to possess one of them. Through the town were scattered an innumerable parcel of old shanties and dilapidated old cabins—that, I suppose the good taste of the citizens will dispense with, as soon as convenient. We crossed in the horse-boat this time as I wished to treat the two young men before spoken of with the same courtesy. I found both boats equally good, for both gave us a speedy passage; and I will only say to any who may visit the West, try one, and if that does not suit you, take the other, but be sure to pay the ferry-man a little, if even he does not request you, for it costs something to keep up a ferry on the Mississippi River.

Now, we commenced traveling with our faces toward the city of the latter-day saints, and it became a matter of no small importance to us, to get to suitable houses of entertainment, as we might find ourselves in rather a bad fix, if we happened to get among Mormons, as they had a religious right, according to the teaching of their Apostles, to appropriate to themselves whatever came in their way that belonged to the Gentiles as they called us, who were not of themselves; asserting in defence of such conduct, "that the earth was the Lord's and the fulness thereof, and that the saints were to possess it, with all things therein," &c. Not feeling the least inclined to submit to the claims of these saints we determined to keep clear of them if possible—in order to do this, counsel was sought of One condescendingly gracious, who directed us just right, so that every place we called at seemed a place of perfect security from these intruders, and also well adapted to supply all wants. The first night after we left B—we got, by a well directed providence, a little off of our road which caused us to stay with a gentleman by the name of Rose, and if ever this sweet flower was truly represented by living beings, this lovely family were the true representatives of its beauty and fragrance; and I am sorry to add, that the young buds in this family were almost as short lived as the fragile flower. Having out of a numerous family but three young Roses left; the fond parents seemed determined to fit these remaining blossoms, so far as it was in their power, not only to bloom and scent the region around with delightful odors,—but to have them prepared for transplanting to a region of unfading beauty. One of those buds was then at Quincy finishing her education. The amiable mother, who seemed to me like an Angel of mercy, spoke with apparent delight of the happy meeting, when this daughter should return to her home. But alas! this sanguine hope was never realized—for soon after she was sent for to see the lifeless form of this young and cherished one. Her father having started with her from Quincy; she dropped suddenly on the road, and was laid in the dust. These people were members of the New School Presbyterians; but no odds what name they bore, their house, themselves, and all they had, were consecrated to God. I felt as if there was a divine unction resting on the house as soon as I entered the door.

Mr. Rose gave what information we needed, and we parted after paying a very moderate bill, with mutual expressions of kindness and good will.

SECTION IV.

We now entered a part of the country laid almost waste by the desperadoes among the Mormons. Whole farms were deserted, fields were still covered with wheat unreapt, and cornfields stood ungathered, the inhabitants having fled to a distant part of the country. As we came along we could not help feeling that we were in a land of pillage and ruin, for the doors of the houses and even the little cabins had great chains and heavy padlocks attached to them. The night after we parted with Mr. R's we got to some old friends from Virginia. Here I met with a gentleman who once sent me a ticket to attend a Christmas ball, but I now found him a meek follower of the blessed Saviour! How pleasing it was to us to know that we were again with kind feeling friends that we could trust! They gave us a great deal of information about the doings of these saints of Nauvoo—said that often when their orchards were full of fruit, some sixteen of these monsters would come with bowie knives, and drive the owners into their houses while they stript their trees of the fruit. If these rogues wanted cattle, they would drive off the cattle of the Gentiles, in defiance of the owner, unless restrained by superior numbers. The reason many a poor harmless citizen lost his cattle, was, because the Mormons were allowed their oaths, and all these fellows had to do, was to get a number of these saints to swear that the cattle belonged to them. Many efforts were made by the most respectable citizens to prevent this, but the Governor himself was a Jack Mormon and favored all their actions. Many valuable people lost their lives in trying to defend themselves and neighbors against these degraded beings. One murder alone I will allude to. This was Mr. Whorl who lived in Carthage. He was a young merchant and had married an accomplished and amiable young lady and lived with her for some two years, when he was suddenly shot and hurried into an endless eternity. A company was called out one morning with Mr. W., who was a bold intrepid man, at the head, to go to see what the Mormons were doing, as some houses had just been burned, and open hostilities had now taken place between the Jew, or latter-day-saint, and Gentile. The party merely went out to reconnoitre the country, and then to return to devise ways and means for their own safety, and the security of their property. They soon came up with a parcel of wagons, but not thinking of danger, as Mr. W. saw an acquaintance among them, he rode up to make inquiries about matters at Nauvoo. When quite near them he heard some one call out "shoot him!" He turned and rode a few steps, when the deadly weapon sounded. He held fast to his horse until it brought him to his companions and then he said, "I am a dying man." His comrades got him back to a house some few miles from his home where the work of death was soon accomplished. He never spoke of that fond wife who had bidden him a loving adieu on the morning of that fatal day, nor the innocent babe that had shared his last kiss One thought alone engrossed his few remaining moments; that was the salvation of his soul. He, like too many others, had put off repentance for some more convenient season, until the fearful struggle came on. Then while his life-blood gushed from his veins, and the damps of death settled on his brow, he called for mercy and died with a prayer on his lips—so said those men who were around him. Now the question came up, how shall we let his wife know this! Not one could be found who had the courage to go with the awful tidings. The Mormons were still ranging around, and some of the rest might share the fate of poor Whorl. So that lovely wife was kept in entire suspense all that night, not knowing what had hindered her loved one's return. She told me with flowing tears, the whole circumstance. At last they contrived to get a boy to town, with a bag of grain to mill. In this bag they sent a letter to Mrs. W., telling what had happened. The letter was stained with the blood of her husband. She now thought of nothing but the victim, could not, would not, suffer him to be buried, without the mournful pleasure of one last sight of the body. But what was to be done? Every relation and every man in the town was so panic struck, that nothing could move them to consent to bear her company to the place where he lay. No money, nor love, nor tears could induce them to put their lives in such imminent danger. So this heroic woman got a cart and a boy, and went unprotected with her child in her arms, to pay the last tribute of respect to the dead. There she stood and wept alone, while her little babe, unconscious of the dreadful deed, tried to call up a smile on that pale face, as it lay all cold and senseless; it looked and laughed but no answering smile was given. Mrs. Whorl got his body put in the cart and then returned with it to Carthage, and there had it buried. O, woman, how all-conquering, how deathless is thy love! Many waters cannot quench it.

I often heard the mournful story from her own lips, as well as the history of their love. They were a fond couple truly. She told me that Mr. W. would often say, "O, the world does not know how happy we are!" Said she "I was glad that he did not think of me, he had matters of infinitely more importance to think of, the few remaining moments that he lived after receiving that deadly wound. He left me in the morning in the finest spirits, gave me a parting kiss, told me he would return before night, came back after he had started, kissed me again and told me not to fear, that he would not fight the Mormons. I passed off the day with animated spirits, worked hard that I might have every thing done up against Mr. W's. return. My sister came in the evening to tell me that she had heard Mr. W. was wounded, but I was so lively that she could not bear to tell me. I told her I was looking for my sweetheart that evening, and so was preparing for him. So she left me, but I thought she looked sad. But when the ebon clouds had begun to veil the earth, my own heart grew sick with dreadful foreboding. O, I never, never put over such a night! But he came not to gladden my eyes, nor to cheer my heart."

Thus passed away that warm hearted young man in the morning of his days, the victim of cruelty and desperation, leaving one voice to wail him yet, one lovely tender form to weep around his tomb.

We bade farewell to our kind Virginia friends, and proceeded. We passed through Carthage,—there, for the first time, I saw cannon in readiness for war; the soldiers having been called out for the protection and defence of the people, against the Mormons. We would have reached Quincy that night, but my horse became very sick, and we had to stay at a house of private entertainment, where the good lady told rather a hard story on her preacher, said that he wanted pay for preaching, and more than that, he held out the idea that something must, or ought at least, to be done to send the gospel to the heathen. This she thought was intolerable, as it was trying to take the work out of the Almighty's hands; said she, "If the Lord wants them converted he can do it, without men's meddling with it." It was in vain to tell her that men who preached ought to be supported, or that the heathen needed attention. I was glad to get off from her on any terms, finding her a most devout worshipper of Mammon, and an awful opposer of what she called Missionary Baptists. She now was fuming at the thought that their Pastor should want to eat and drink, &c., support his family, surely he could live on the honor of being a Pastor! This is just as much sense and generosity as some people have. I listened to her sublime reasoning until I fell asleep. I awoke early and found my kind conductor Mr. Ramsey up, he told me that my creature was better, that he sat up and watched it a great portion of the night. This day I got to Quincy, met with dear relations, and parted with my faithful guide — hoping however, that I shall meet him on the plains of glory above. I went down some forty miles below Quincy, in a few days, where I found my only sister and her family, and was glad after so long a travel to find myself with near relations. I spent the winter in Pike county.

SECTION V.

After spending the winter in the region where my brother-in-law dwelt, I started back to Quincy full of hope, that my way would soon be opened to the wandering tribes of the West. Here I lent my horse to oblige one, who was in want, but he was not returned and no just compensation ever made, though he had cost me a considerable sum. I was taken with inflammatory rheumatism and spent many sleepless nights as well as days of most excruciating pain for seven long months. I have often thought that my spirit must have sunk but for the all-sustaining power of grace. I received many glorious manifestations of the divine presence and favor in that land of strangers, for which I feel under lasting obligations to my heavenly Father. Some friends were kind who will long be remembered. My couch like David's, was often wet with tears, yet my heart frequently beat with emotions of joy unutterable. I here formed an acquaintance with the widow whose son was drowned, and Mrs. Whorl, whose husband the Mormons had killed, and also learned the history of Miss Rose's death, which has been mentioned before. I learned there, experimentally, that hope deferred can make the heart sick, for I often thought that if I could look forward to any definite time, when I should again be well enough to walk with ease, I could bear up with courage, though my suffering at times appeared as if a sword had been pierced through the joints and marrow. O, I have often thought that people in health do not feel, do not begin to appreciate health as they should do. We seem indeed to need line upon line on this subject, and after all, nothing but a deprivation of this great blessing can make us fully estimate its worth. I would be glad to know that I should never again need so severe a lesson on this subject. After trying every cure, and making use of every means suggested by friends and physicians without obtaining the least relief, I called on a botanic doctor, who gave me a bottle of medicine that seemed to have the desired effect—the doctor would receive no remuneration for this, but has justly merited my gratitude. I began to recover with rapidity and in a day or two, I started for Missouri.

I took a steamboat to Hannibal, where I met with some kind, warm-hearted friends; and another Doctor who had been made an entire cripple by this same disease, rheumatism, called on me and presented me with a large bottle of nearly the same kind of medicine, the principal ingredients of which were a strong decoction of cayenne pepper, gympsum, and gum myrrh, the whole prepared in alcohol. He was a regular mineral physician. I owe much to these two kind-hearted men, may Heaven bless them. I was now recovering fast, so I soon left in a hack for Paris, Monroe county, where I spent the winter with John Fowks from Virginia. I had been acquainted with this kind family before they removed to the west. I found it a great privilege to be with those I knew and loved as friends. Here I staid and taught a young ladies' school the next summer, but still I suffered most intensely in many ways. I had a severe cough, the elongation of the uvulo or palate, so called, together with a disease that had followed me from a child, called by some, the determination of blood to the head, and of all distressing, perplexing diseases ever known to both soul and body, I believe the last named is the worst. It often borders on phrenzy. I know of but few sacrifices I would not willingly make that would give relief to a person suffering under this disease. It affects the whole nervous system, causes the mind to feel the most intense pain often from a slight injury done by others. I mention this because I believe that few are aware, and perhaps none but the sufferers themselves, know how much sympathy is needed under such cases. I am certain that every feeling individual would avoid giving or taking offence, at persons in this state, if they knew the agony of mind, the almost utter despair, the patient often suffers, as well as the racking pain of body. I have heard of a very good man that always feels while under the influence of this disease, like telling his neighbors their every fault. Thus he often offends his best friends which he most heartily regrets, when restored to health.

I received intelligence, while at Paris, that a loved sister-in-law was dead, in Virginia, and that my brother, Rev. I. Archbold, was lying sick in Pittsburgh. He was stationed at Wesley Chapel by the Conference of 1843. These things together with a very laborious school, made my time pass away heavily. Yet I was boarding with a kind, feeling lady, who did every thing necessary for my comfort, and God was infinitely gracious; so I got through the school with some pleasure, as well as much pain.

I left Paris on the 20th of September, went by the mail stage to Hannibal, and there embarked on a steam packet for St. Louis. I got an excellent room, good company and fine accommodations every way, so I had a delightful trip. I like to sleep on steamboats when going ahead. The motion of the boat has a very salutary effect on my nerves and generally puts me to sleep. The second evening after my embarkation, when I retired to rest all was calm around, no noise save the puffing of the steamers as they passed by, or the cry of the firemen, but when I awoke in the morning I heard nearly as many different kinds of sounds as there were different languages when the Lord confounded the speech of the people, who were building the vast pyramid that was to reach unto the other world, to learn mysteries that they had no business with. I heard indeed many voices as well as shrill horns, tinkling bells, rattling chains, splashing oars, crying children, scolding women, and cross, bawling men. I appeared to be in a new world, for in all my little lifetime, I had never heard so much confusion nor such a strange variety of sounds. What could be the matter, was then the inquiry of my waking vision. I arose hastily, and put out my head to discover if possible where I was, for it really seemed, from the oaths and blasphemy without, as if we were nearing the port of that sulphurous lake, away down in the nether regions. Now, I never had the slightest inclination, to come within its precincts. So I was glad to find myself with my companions in travel, still on the boat surrounded on all sides with steamers and water crafts of every kind. I was soon out on the guard, where I discovered men of every nation and language, women of every size and complexion, from the fairest of the fair, down to the most sable shade. The truth was that we were lying in port at St. Louis. Here hundreds of carts, drays and poor horses, with their white and black drivers were operating. All was hurry within and without. Some were hastening away to their friends in the city; others packing up with rapidity, in order to get their goods out of the way of the chamber-maid, who was about to prepare the rooms for new occupants, while some of the rest of us were waiting for a friend or relative to come from the town to put us on some other boat, as our travel was not ended.

We needed a great amount of patience, to bear with entire calmness the scolding of the old chamber-maid, the teasing of the omnibus drivers, as well as the tardiness of our friends who were no doubt locked up in the arms of sleep, and as unconcerned about our painful anxiety to see them, as they were unconscious of the fact, that the sun gives light in that region, when he is several hours high. I did wish for one, that this was known there; but perhaps from the black appearance of the houses along the river, the sun is not very partial to that city, and it may be, does not afford the inhabitants light enough to see to get up, before eight or nine o'clock! However, after a long delay, a friend came with a light step and a smiling face, and put me on another good boat, under the protection of the captain, who was a very genteel, pleasant man. I shall long remember the captain of the Pioneer with pleasure. The boat was soon crowded with passengers of all descriptions and grades, both saint and sinner, minister and gambler; white, yellow and black men, and last, but not least, a red man,—a chief from the Cherokee nation, going on to Washington to transact business for his tribe. He was in company with a Moravian teacher by the name of Bishop, who had been teaching for several years among the Indians, and had lost his wife during his sojourn among them, but was now returning with sure and certain hope of obtaining another, as he had found from experience that it is not good for man to be alone, especially away among Indians. He told me that the preliminaries were all laid down before he left the Indian school and arrangements made for the celebration of their nuptials, although he had never seen her but once, and then she was the wife of another missionary, who took her to some island of the sea, where he died. It was at first a little inexplicable to me, how these two could determine on a matter of so much importance with so slight an acquaintance. But upon reflection, I concluded that it might not be a difficult matter, for two congenial spirits to turn to each other, perhaps it is as easy, and quite as natural, as it is for the needle to turn towards the pole. He deserved a good wife for he was a good man, and a just one, and she had been recommended to him by the society of the Moravians who had sent him to the Indians. We had several newly married people on board who seemed to prefer bonds to freedom.

SECTION VI.

But there was one poor little infatuated creature in company of whom it could not be said "the yoke was easy, or the burden light." She had in opposition to friends put herself under the protection of a man, who instead of acting the part of a tender husband, acted the part of an infuriated demon towards the trembling victim, who only answered his abuse with tears. I felt indignant at the wretch who had won that young confiding being, away from her parents and friends, just to embitter her life by the most wanton cruelty. After witnessing his savage treatment to her more than once, I told her, that I would not trust myself in his hands, that I would return to my parents. "O" said she, with the look of a broken hearted woman, "I know not how to go back to them, for protection, they told me that he would treat me as he has done, but he promised so fair that I could not believe them. I was so much younger than he was, and I loved him so fondly — but now he never speaks one kind or gentle word." He had once been sober and seemed religiously disposed — but he had embraced that fatal doctrine, that has no doubt ruined its thousands, — that no man will be punished for his crimes in Eternity, and so he became both a drunkard and gambler and so dead to every virtuous feeling that he passed most of his time with the profane, scarcely ever noticing his innocent babe or weeping wife, save, when he felt like pouring out floods of abuse upon her defenceless head. I sincerely hope that if living she is far from that unprincipled, degraded being. I thought what a warning it ought to be to females to be cautious to whom they trust their present and future happiness. I would not have them take a man merely because he can say kind and gentle words, or make fair pretentions; no, no.

We were amused at times at two rather good looking young ladies, who had taken it into their heads, that they were made of rather finer clay, than any of the other females. They seemed to weigh their dignity, by the amount of jewels they possessed, and of course they had to exhibit them, to each other, as they did not keep them about their persons, fearing that there were some in that crowd, that might secure to themselves the precious treasure, as such things not unfrequently happen on steamboats; so they unlocked their trunks, and out came gold chains and bracelets, watches, and miniatures set in gold, with any quantity of rings—some denoting love, &c. It was easy to see at what shrine they bowed, for it seemed evident that they would almost as soon have lost their lives, as to have given up their gold. Miss Lucy —— the elder of the two, had a pleasing form, with a soft blue eye, but the education she had received was ruinous to all that noble and refined dignity that females of worth are so justly estimated for. "My brother," she exclaimed, "is the gas distributor at St. Louis. O, he is so wealthy and so aristocratical, why I would not be willing to have him see me conversing with common people, O no indeed." Poor fellow thought I, how much he must resemble the gas he distributes, in one respect, especially in weight of intellect. I suppose that the worms will riot on him just as unceremoniously, as on the most impoverished son of earth; I have no idea that they will pay any homage to his aristocracy. "My father is a Merchant," says the other, who was so young that she seemed to be taking her first lessons in the giddy whirl of fashionable life. What a pity, that these two young ladies would not learn, that true piety and mental charms, are superior to all the tinsel of show, and glitter of gold, as well as the most costly apparel ever worn by any pageant of earth. They deserve pity more than contempt perhaps, as they knew no better than to think themselves ideal goddesses.

We were hastening along, cheered by flourishing towns and neat villages, and pleasant scenery on both sides of the river, when our attention was called away by some of the company, to take a view of the last resting place of the hero of Tippecanoe. His grave was on an eminence in the midst of a grove, but the timber had been cut away so that a full view from the river may be obtained by passengers at any season of the year. The white tomb-stones seemed to say, "here lies all that's mortal of the man, who fought your battles, and received the highest honors that your vast Republic could bestow." But just as he reached the acme of his desires on earth, he was suddenly summoned to another tribunal, giving one more proof of "man's feeble hold on life and the transitory nature of earthly bliss." What a lesson for proud man to learn. We left him to repose in quiet under the shade of the grove, and soon were anchored near the wharf of the 'Queen City.' I thought the name quite appropriate, as I passed through some of her streets, and called at her stores—I found cheap goods and polite merchants—and many pleasant things. But we did not tarry long, as our good boat as well as many of the passengers were bound to the 'Iron City' at the head of our beautiful Ohio river. So after disposing of some, and taking on other passengers, we soon were under way again. Nothing material happened on this boat more than the common routine of taking on, and putting off passengers occasionally, until we got above Steubenville. Here we ran aground sometimes, as the water was very low; but as our boat was good and our officers vigilant, we were not long detained in any one place. We passed several other boats that were suffering like condemnation, as to what had retarded our progress. But poor fellows, they were destined to stay much longer on the bars than we were. We reached the 'city of smoke' in eleven days after leaving Hannibal. This was first rate traveling considering the detention at St. Louis and Cincinnati, together with all the provoking sand-bars we met with.

I now bade adieu to many of the passengers who had endeared themselves to me by their attention and kindness; after presenting my good, friend Mr. Bishop, some tokens of esteem for the peculiar interest he had manifested towards me, and wishing him a prosperous journey through life, I got into an omnibus and was soon in the house of my former friend, Doctor M'Cracken. I spent a short time in the City with some long cherished friends, among the rest I will name the Rev. J. Minor, a man deservedly dear to many. None greeted me with more kindness, or welcomed me with more cordiality to his house, than did this amiable minister. When I was about to leave, he grasped my hand with uncommon ardor and spoke of our mutual friendship and the hopes we had of meeting where farewells would never be heard, but little did I think that death would soon rob me of so chosen a friend.

Dr. M'C. put me on board of another boat called the 'Comet,' but of all the comets that I ever heard of, it was the most averse to a swift flight. We got to a place three miles above Steubenville, and there it obstinately refused to go another foot for several days. I cannot say that it was much to blame in this matter; for being an inert body, it was being acted on by other powers, and in this case the centripetal being greater than the centrifugal force, it was firmly moored for several tedious days on a most formidable sand-bar. But after working and fasting, unlading and relading the boat several times, we got this Comet to consent to move again in its very eccentric orbit.

Now we did not deserve much credit for fasting, for it was not a voluntary act of devotion with the most on board, but a matter of sheer necessity; for the fact was, we were out of provisions and all the boats and water crafts we could command were full of goods from the Comet, as they were trying to lessen her weight, but rain came down suddenly upon us, and the goods were reladened, and of course, we had a skiff to send on shore, so we were again called to partake of the bounties of a merciful benefactor. We had some good religious friends on board, that cheered us while we were on the Comet; with these we parted with regret.

SECTION VII.

After parting with my friends on the Comet, I hastened to Woodsfield, from thence to Leesburg. Then taking my niece with me, I started once more for the distant west. My brother went with us to Steubenville and put us on board the North River, a splendid boat, under the Captain's care. Here we found all sorts, sizes and colors, as well as many different denominations of people. There were seven Protestant ministers, one Catholic priest, and a nun closely veiled; besides there were Baptists, Methodists, Congregationalists, Presbyterians, Catholics, with many others, together with free thinkers and those who seemed never to think at all, or if they did, it appeared to be about matters that scarce deserved a thought.

Our entertainment was good, and we had all descriptions of amusements. The one most congenial to my mind was a good sermon now and then from the different ministers. This was a noble treat. At night we had a dance or a play—this second seemed quite in unison with the most of the young and gay on the boat. Dancing, to my niece, was altogether new business, having never witnessed the like before; but I had been favored with such scenes on other boats, if favor it could be called. They really were quite active, passing each other at right angles, triangles and in fact any other angle you could think of, turning and shifting in every possible position, giving the beholder, side, back, and front views of their delectable persons in every variety of form. The student in philosophy might have taken many practical lessons on motion in a circle, and especially an accelerated or retarded motion, as the old sickly fiddle gave brisk or slow sounds. The young ladies appeared to have the entire advantage in this respect, for they used their feet so nimbly, and turned their forms so gracefully, that they seemed to be able practitioners, while the gentlemen appeared by the clumping, thundering sounds they made, to be taking their introductory lessons. I found a reversion of one law of gravity in this philosophical circle, however. Here the lesser body drew the larger a considerable way from a right line, and not unfrequently so forcibly attracted it that it would rush with such impetuous speed, as to come in collision with the small body, but no serious injury was incurred, for as the small body possessed repulsive, as well as attractive power, it repelled the larger body so effectually, as to throw it back in its own orbit. The old fiddle often grew so faint and feeble, being as I observed in a diseased state, that the music rather seemed the moanings of some suffering beast, about to finish its mortal career, than an instrument of mirth for some gay pleasure party: so that this amusement was frequently abandoned for the play circle.—This, in fact, seemed to be the more benevolent institution, for the bump of conscientiousness was so fully developed in some of our young Methodists and Baptists, that they were mere lookers on, while the Presbyterians and church folks danced; but at play they were real adepts, appearing acquainted with every play, both ancient and modern, from sister Phebe up to the latest "go." Here as well as in the dance, the satellites seemed to possess more attraction than their primaries; so that time and again they approached very near each other, and sometimes I felt a kind of intuitive shrinking when I saw these great shaggy-maned fellows, coming in contact with beautiful little soft faces, ruby lips and bright eyes, for who could forbear thinking that it must, to say the very least of it, be very unpleasant to be exposed to these terrific appendages, that resemble an Indian's buffalo robe, worn, one might think, as a certain defence against the approaches of all ladies; for surely, it would be a rational conclusion that true feminine delicacy, like the sensitive plant, would recoil at the first approach of these formidable fixtures. But not so. These lovely-looking, refinedly-feeling little creatures, bore this uniformly with undaunted courage!

Thus passed off our time, as we glided down the Ohio, and up the Mississippi; for we had the good fortune not to have to change our boats, until we got to St. Louis. The serious part of all denominations among us, lamented the waste of time, and devoutly wished that our young friends would find more substantial joys, as they were swiftly gliding down the stream of time to the great ocean of eternity. Yet I confess, that I liked even this better than some other things that took place.—We had some fine, charming looking ladies on board, whose husbands were at their distant homes, who really appeared to have forgotten that they had promised before the hymenial altar, to forsake all others, for the fact was, they seemed to make quite an effort to engage the attention of all the idle dandies, clerks and officers, they could come across.

One, particularly, elicited attention. She was one of those brilliant shining ones, who dazzle the eye of the earthly, rather than charm the heart of the wise. She soon caught a principal officer, and engrossed his whole attention. They seemed truly to be congenial spirits, for nearly all their leisure time was spent in close communion together, either in some concealed part of the boat, or on the guards. It was very evident that this dutiful wife was making use of her husband's absence in a way that could not flatter the pride of any living man, who sustained such a relation to her.—She sometimes promenaded the upper deck with him, leaning fondly on his arm, then again they would retire to some remote place, where they would spend hours in suppressed conversation, sometimes he would clasp her hands in his, toy with her rings, but oftener with the gold pencil or breast-pin, that, no doubt, her devoted husband had given her, as pledges of love! I spurned their conduct, yet my heaviest censure fell on her.—True, he knew that she was not his, but then she would sigh and look up in his face with unutterable fondness—lay her white hand on his bosom, take out his breast-pin, &c., and though I blamed him much, yet I thought with Burns, "a man is but a man for a' that." But there was no excuse for her; she was a wife, a daughter of a pleasant, dignified man, who was on the boat with her, yet unconscious of her conduct. The husband had been absent for many months, attending to his business while she had been visiting her friends in Ohio. But now she was passing rapidly to meet him. I thought that if the eyes of that confiding husband could but have rested on her, when in some of her secluded tete-a-tetes with that handsome man, his heart must almost have died within him, at the thought that his beautiful young wife was lavishing her caresses on a stranger. Yet there she was, forgetting that the eyes of the Omniscient One was on her, as well as the eyes of many of the crew, who would soon pass away to different parts with a vivid remembrance of her conduct. I will not give her name, lest I should wound her honored father or kind husband. I am well assured that this is only one case out of hundreds, that are transpiring on these steamers. I would advise men who have very beautiful wives, to beware how they trust them, to the company of the young and degenerate of their own sex; especially, if the women have not discretion, in at least, an ordinary degree. It often happens that those women, that are what the world calls beautiful, are destitute of many other qualities of essential worth. Like Helen, they prize themselves alone, for that quality which the other sex seem to appreciate so highly; for true it is, that many men bow at the shrine of beauty, regardless of consequences, even to the destruction of a city, or the ruin of a family. But as it is painful to think, or write about this kind of females, I will leave them to notice others more deserving attention.

We had a very charming little girl on board, from the granite State. She was soft and gentle in her manners, adding a well cultivated mind to a pleasing form. She very soon succeeded in gaining attention, from the most respectable of the company, but most especially, from a very genteel, literary, young gentleman, who was on his way to Europe, to take a tour through the Eastern Continent. He had a number of good books, among others, one entitled the "Odd Fellows Offering." He supplied the ladies' cabin in a liberal manner with these silent, yet soul-inspiring companions. He was an Odd Fellow himself, but it was evident that he was more than willing to make an Odd Fellow's offering, not of books, nor of silver, nor gold alone, but of what he must have esteemed above all price. I mean his own dear self, to the coy little girl, above alluded to, who had bewitched him as effectually as any ever were bewitched in days of yore, when some of our superlatively wise ancestors had the witch executed for her malignant deeds. Although I am not very credulous, I own that I believe some in the power of witchcraft; for who that has observed the effect one fine, intelligent, interesting young mind has over another, but must confess that charms and spells are still endured by many a hapless victim. Yet our great-grand-daddies were mistaken in the perpetrators of these deeds. They attributed them to old, ugly people, generally to some distressed old woman, when it is now fully ascertained to be the captivating, comely young ones! Be this as it may, one thing is certain, that this little witch seemed impenetrable, on the subject herself; for though she had fully conquered the heart of our young tourist, her own appeared to be unscathed and untouched. So she refused his offering, and at St. Louis, took a cold, formal leave of the poor spell-bound fellow, and left him to travel alone in this inhospitable world.

I could not help regretting his fate. I dislike to see true love unrequited, believing as I do, that there is, by far, too little of this commodity in our poor, selfish world, besides I think the young lady's mind was influenced by several others, of her own age and sex, who ridiculed him because he was a very small man. This, I thought, was cruel and unjust, knowing, by sad experience, that none can alter his size, any more than the Ethiopian can change the color of his skin.—These would-be-fashionables, I make no doubt, envied the fair one, and so dissuaded her against a connexion with him. I never could endorse the sentiment, fully, of the lady that refused Dr. Watts, one of the sweet singers of Israel, by saying, 'I admire the jewel but I dislike the casket.' I think somehow, that the great talents of that justly celebrated man, or in other words that priceless jewel, might have rendered even a small casket, desirable.

SECTION VIII.

We had to part at St. Louis, from the ministers who had cheered us with heavenly truths—from our dancers, who had suggested some thoughts on the laws of motion, as well as on the nature and origin of sound — the gallant officer, who had devoted himself so untiringly to Mr. D's. daughter, (not until, however, he had placed her on another boat, although she had a kind father to see to her, while many other ladies were left to take care of themselves, who had no protectors,) as well as many others, who had endeared themselves, by kind attentions and polite demeanor. We were soon on another boat, commanded and owned by a gentleman by the name of Allen. He was very pleasant; so we passed away our time agreeably, until we landed at Hannibal, Missouri. Here we were cordially greeted by some warm hearted friends. But I believe I will relate an amusing event that took place on the boat of Capt. Allen. As soon as I got into the boat I was recognized by the old steward as the sister of Daniel Webster; having served this eminent man himself, for many years, and being withal a very sagacious man, he discovered my relationship to the celebrated W., the first moment that he put his eyes on me; so that every thing within the boat was subservient to my will, so far as the steward and cooks were concerned! I, of course, was willing to enjoy my elevated position, and so avoided a direct communication on the subject of relationship. He told some of the passengers that my forehead and eyes were the exact model of Webster's. I escaped becoming vain very opportunely, by considering where the compliment came from, and by having learned that some great men have very ordinary sisters, and by knowing that true merit cannot be derived from others.

We spent a few days with our friends at H——, very pleasantly, and then took a stage passage for Huntsville, Missouri. As soon as I had taken my seat, I began to survey the company. I found a very nice looking lady, together with several interesting gentlemen; but there was one hard looking customer, that I felt to avoid most assiduously. His visage was so marred with those awful protuberances that sometimes cover the upper lip, and still oftener the lower one, but had in this instance surrounded the whole mouth and would have prevented any communication through the lips to the interior organs, if he had not turned them aside very adroitly, so as to form two huge twists, that resembled the bunches of bristles that the old shoemaker used, when I was a child!—When I looked upon him, the thought of a blackleg, or some criminal escaping justice in this sad disguise, rushed forcibly upon my mind. But I was pleased to find, that the lady knew him; this I soon discovered by the silvery tones of her voice and quite astonished, to hear her in the softest tones imaginable, say, 'my dear, lean against me.' The truth was, he was the husband of this delicate lady, who had come from P——, a town some forty miles distant, to meet his wife, who had just landed from one of the steamers. She had been absent several months, on a visit to Kentucky.—She had like to have been lost, as the boat she started on stove and sunk. The passengers barely escaped with their lives. No wonder that she should feel tender towards him, especially as he had taken her absence so hard, as to put his face in the most doleful state of mourning, for I observed that when she gently chid him for his neglect, he remarked most emphatically: "I never would have shaved, had you never returned." He told me after sometime, that he knew me — that he was Dr. B's. son, who lived in a town in the west, where I had spent one year. Dr. B. was a reputable physician, and of course this relation banished all fear of robbery and murder from my mind. We traveled together in the most agreeable manner, until we reached P——, where, for the first time in all my life, I felt regret at parting with a shaggy-maned man. But travelers in mail coaches have not much time for regret, so we bade a hasty adieu to Mr. B. and his courteous wife, and as soon as we could swallow a little breakfast we had to get into our locomotive.

We soon arrived at Huntsville, where we spent the winter. In the spring of '48, we started for the Indian Mission in company with Rev. Johnson and family. We went by mail stage to Glasgow, then went in private carriages across the country, to the Indian Territory. We had a large company; Johnson's family consisted of himself, wife and three children, in a carriage. We had four young men on horseback, three white men and one Indian. My niece and self were in a buggy, and two families of blacks brought up the rear.—These last had an ox-wagon. We traveled over some beautiful country, and took one dinner on the open prairie, but mostly "fared sumptuously every day,"—met with nothing worthy of note, except that one night my niece and I were sent to a bed so exceedingly high that we had to make a desperate effort to get into it, and should have failed entirely, if we had not got one of the beds taken off and then by the aid of chairs made out to get in; but we soon found ourselves low enough, for these enormous beds were supported by a few loose boards thrown across a very high bedstead, so at the first gentle movement, down came beds, occupants and all the rigging. The landlady had staid up to watch the event, knowing, that we could not miss, as all others who had been put there before, had met a like fate. However, we spent the night pretty comfortably, being still elevated several feet from the floor, by means of the numerous quantity of beds that remained under us; the straw one itself appeared to contain enough food for two cows, for several days.

The young men went on before us to the Mission, and gave notice that we were coming, so by the time we got there, dinner was ready; it consisted of hard bread, well dried fat meat, and butter-milk. I took a small portion with a glad and thankful heart; not so much for the dinner, as for the privilege of being on mission ground. From a child I had desired this, more than all that wealth and fame could offer, and now I had reached the acme of all my most ambitious aspirations. Rev. Johnson's servants in the ox-wagon, did not get on for several days; however, after so long a time they got there safe and sound. I was quite amused at the old black cook, who sometime after his arrival, got his young mistress, Johnson's daughter, to write a letter to some of the darkeys in Missouri. He told her to tell them that at the Mission "was first white people, then Indians, then dogs, and then niggers." However, the cook and his wife fared well at that place. The Indians, I believe, show more aversion to the negro race generally, than white people do; yet some have slaves, and as far as I know, are quite good to them. After I had been at the mission some time, the slavery question excited much alarm. The Wyandots and Kickapoos took all their children from the school. A minister that knew me in Va. wrote me a pressing letter, to come to the Creek nation as they were about establishing a school there, and needed female teachers much. I concluded to go, but finding no way of reaching the place by water, as the Arkansas river is only navigable in the spring, I concluded to return to Ohio; thankful to high Heaven for his preserving care over me while a stranger in a strange land.—True, I had suffered intensely, both in body and mind, and spent a great deal of time as well as money. Yet I make no doubt, but that I shall be eternally thankful that I ever set my feet on Mission ground; for until I had done this, I never felt that I had done my duty; but after I had made the effort to go to Arkansas, and failed, I felt the burden of spirit removed entirely.

SECTION IX.

I left the Indian mission on the 18th of November, 1848, took passage on the steamer, Cora, commanded by Captain Joseph Gorman. I had every attention and kindness shown me by that polite, generous man that I could desire. It would be well that many who call themselves Protestants were as attentive to females intrusted to their care as this Roman Catholic gentleman was. We laid by every night, while we were on the Missouri, as the passage is difficult owing to the many sand-bars, &c. The water is muddy—yet I never saw so many white sand banks, stretched sometimes for miles, along the shores which appeared greatly to enlarge them. It was cold, yet I could not forbear spending some considerable time on the guard looking on the beautiful white shores; covered in some places by the large, or rather tall cotton trees, so common in the West. The river was so low at this time, as to appear very narrow It served to remind me of the stream of death to which I was hastening with accelerated steps. We were gliding down a narrow stream with many impediments to resist and overcome; in a frail bark, that might be dashed to pieces, overturned or destroyed, in a few moments,—but we were voyagers on our way to a destined port, and we felt no fears, as our Captain was careful as well as skillful, and we could trust to his wisdom, under the guidance of a beneficent Providence, the result of the journey. But we were voyagers in another, and more emphatical sense, with exceedingly frail barks; subject to destruction, any and every moment, going at a rapid rate, night and day, whether eating, talking, walking, sitting or lying—no odds how we were engaged, we were making constant advances towards our eternal port. Would it not be well to consider, on what shore we shall cast anchor, or where spend the unnumbered ages that are before us. These beautiful white shores forcibly called my mind to reflect on the shore of life and immortality, and to ask myself what kind of reception I should meet? Would, that we all thought more seriously and devoutly on this all important matter as we are sailing down the stream of time. Will our Captain be with us to cheer, and animate us by his smile? Will glad voices in sweet melodious strains greet us as we near the coast and welcome us into port? or shall we be be shipwrecked, engulphed and everlastingly ruined? These are solemn questions, yet we need not despair; our Captain is a skillful pilot; and if we implicitly trust all to his guidance, obey his commands, and keep our eyes steadily fixed upon him, he will keep us safe amidst sand-bars, gulphs and whirlpools, and support us, amidst ten thousand dangers, snares and impediments strewn along the stream of time—and finally bring us triumphantly into port. But if we reject his proffered kindness, and refuse his counsel, we certainly will be left to sink and perish eternally. I must leave this (to me at least) awfully sublime subject — and go on with our voyage.

We passed several steamers completely wrecked on the bars, some had the upper decks taken off, others were sunk, cabins and all, deep in the water, but all were ruined. We had a young man on board who had saved his life by jumping from one of these wrecks on to another boat as she came to their relief — some of the officers and soldiers, who had been in the Mexican War, were also on board, but all seemed to have forgotten the obligations that they were under for preservation and deliverance. How very ungrateful we are to God! We passed on our journey, cheered by songs, good, bad and indifferent; amidst dangers and mercies, cheered by our pleasant Captain. I could not but feel grateful for so convenient a mode of traveling at this inclement season — sitting by a good fire reading, or working as leisurely, as if we had been at home around our own hearths. One occurrence alone, gave me any pain on this boat, that was this: my only brother-in-law came on board, and put on freight, sat down and eat his breakfast, while I was at the table, but I knew it not, until I was several hundred miles from there. The Captain having accidently mentioned it to me, as he was making some remarks about the freight, saying that it was the Rev. R. Naylor's. I remarked that I would have been glad to have seen him. The fact was, there were but two females on board, and we did not look about among the men as we sat at the head of the table with our Captain. However, this was a disappointment to me, but regret was useless. I had not seen him for more than two years, but like all past events it was gone, never to be recalled, no, never, never.

We got to St. Louis in safety, and parted with the passengers with kind feelings. The Captain refused to take full pay for my passage, because (I suppose) I had made an acrostic on his own name, and the name of the Cora.

ACROSTIC.

J oined in friendship's purest ties,
O nward, onward, to the skies,
S hunning vice of every kind,
E vils that debase the mind;
P urest joys, await thee, there,
H eaven's enraptured bliss you'll share.

G orman, be a star of light,
O r a beacon, shining bright,
R emembering still, to keep in view,
M any eyes are fixed on you.
A ll may smile when thou art near,
N one may grieve thy voice to hear.

C ora, bear us o'er the deep,
O n to friends, that may not weep,
R uined wrecks, we'll pass them by,
A ll unheeded, save a sigh!

I thought this was due him, as he had treated me with courtesy and marked attention from the time I was put under his care, by a kind hearted gentleman at Kansas, until I was taken to another boat bound for Pittsburgh. I there parted with Captain G., never in all probability to meet with him again in time; peace to his memory; I hope to meet him beyond the swellings of Jordan, on a bright celestial shore.

I was now on board of a fine large boat, called the Arcadia. Here we had every thing that could charm the eyes, and invite the taste, in the way of eatables; rooms splendidly furnished, attentive servants, and good beds, a pleasant Captain, with his accomplished and interesting wife. The cabins were crowded with passengers, full of life and glee. The Captain was pleased with his fine boat, and quite anxious to raise her reputation as a fast sailer. So leaving port at the same time that another boat did, called from its magnificence the Floating Palace, said to be the swiftest sailing boat on the Mississippi River, a race was commenced between these two boats, that continued until we arrived at Cincinnati. If life, or even the salvation of the entire crowd, had depended on this race, it seemed as if the Captains of the two boats, could not have made greater exertions. In fact all the officers and even some of the passengers, seemed to be influenced by the same spirit. I confess that I was a little pleased, to find that our boat kept a small distance ahead, for I never liked to be forced to stay behind, or in other words to be beat; but it was by a mighty struggle, and often, it appeared at a very great risk. One pleasant evening we were all sitting at our ease, conversing about matters and things in general, entirely unconscious of danger, when all on a sudden the boat struck a dreadful sand-bar with such force, that every stick of timber within her groaned, and the men were thrown from their chairs on their faces, the shock being most severely felt in the gentlemen's cabin; the ladies, too, would have fallen, but that they sprang to their feet, crying out at the top of their voices, "we're lost! we're lost!" But this was not the case with all of us, for some of us felt calm. One man was thrown over board and many others ran up to the hurricane-deck, in wild confusion. I never witnessed such a scene before. Here pale, frantic women were throwing their children in every direction, in wild despair — men, with terrific countenances, were rushing into the ladies' cabin, and in fact to every part of the boat. Screams of terror and dismay were ascending from many, in the lower deck. Yet, amidst it all my heavenly Father kept my mind in a state of perfect composure; true, I felt that I had committed my all to him that was able to save to the uttermost, and though I did expect to sink beneath the waves, I thought I should rise to life and immortality, when the struggle of life was over. How deeply indebted I am to the infinite One for mercy, unmerited mercy! I found myself trying to calm the fears of the Captain's lady, who seemed almost beside herself. I really feared that she would kill her lovely, little child, from the manner in which she was throwing it. None of us in the ladies' cabin knew what had happened, or caused the alarm, until the boat righted up, and was sailing away, at the rate of fifteen miles per hour. It was all only the work of a moment; the man was saved who had been thrown into the water, and all was again calm. The Captain came into the boat, and congratulated me on my heroic spirit. He told us, that twelve boats had been stove to pieces there the past year, and many lives lost; he said he knew that the boat was going to strike, before she did, but was sailing so rapidly, that he could not save her from this. The Floating Palace would probably have gained the race, but that she too, met with an accident. While puffing away with speed, she unfortunately sunk a flour-boat and had to stop, to save the men, and atone for the deed. So that we got into port at Cincinnati some hours before the Palace arrived. Our Captain said that the race was worth at least a thousand dollars to him, as it would raise the character of his boat. Well, what will not men do for the perishing honors and riches of this poor world, where all is mutable and passing away; and yet, how many utterly neglect the honors and unending riches of that world, where all is immutable and undying. How wonderful, how passing strange, this folly!

I was quite amused at some very genteel Catholic folks we had on board of the Arcadia. They concluded that I must be a nun, or a sister of charity—and so asked me, what order I belonged to. I had to acknowledge, that I was not a nun, and though willing to admit, that I was a sister of charity, yet not a Roman Catholic. This seemed to be almost incredible, as no one but a nun, or a sister, could endure unappalled, the dire alarm, that had almost palsied every limb, and spread paleness over every face; add to this, that the race was continued from day to day, throughout our journey from St. Louis to Pittsburgh, with unabating ardor; and you may know, that by possessing my soul in quietude, I had excited the wonder, and conciliated the kindness, and friendship of my good Catholic friends, in an increased ratio. I know not how to be grateful enough to my Divine Protector, for keeping me above the power of fear, amidst sighs, and groans, and tears. We were detained but a short time at Cincinnati, and then with a large number of passengers, set sail again under still more inauspicious circumstances, to run another race with what was called the swiftest boat on the Ohio river. This boat was called the Ben Franklin, or the Lady F., I have forgotten which, but no odds. The officers had fallen out before we started and now they seemed determined to conquer or die. The Ohio was low, and it was a perilous time. The channel of the river was narrow and we had got into it first by some means, and for many hours and even days, together, we might be seen with the Franklin, sometimes on one side, and then in a few moments on the other side, contending for the channel. The fire-men challenging one another, as all seemed to partake of the same spirit, from the Captain down to the lowest deck hands. Time and again, the passengers were almost panic struck, by looking out at the windows and seeing the Franklin up, opposite the Ladies' cabin, and sometimes within a few feet, seeming determined to rush into the side of our boat. Many refused to sleep or eat. The Catholic gentleman said, "I do not want to die, I have not confessed for a long time;" "no, no, nor even seen the priest," said his wife. "How is it you keep so calm," addressing themselves to me. "O," said I, "I CONFESS every day to a Being that does not charge me for it." "Then," said the Catholic gentleman referred to, "you get it much cheaper than we do." I was truly glad that I had my Confessor close at hand, and that he was fully acquainted with my case, and his advice would all be given in infinite wisdom. O, how high and holy are protestant privileges! However, I found my Catholic friends warm hearted and generous, and will long remember their kind behaviour to me.

I was quite interested in the case of a lady who was put on board at St. Louis, by her husband, of whom she seemed most passionately fond. She was going to an eastern city to visit her friends, while he remained behind to attend to business; he was a physician. She appeared all devotion to him while on board, wept most profusely at the thought of their separation; hung upon him, sighed and sobbed as if her heart would break, and finally suffered herself to be torn from the fond embrace of her loved one, when the boat was almost under way, then took to her bed and was deeply afflicted all day. We felt much sympathy for this most affectionate of all wives; did all we could to give relief to the sufferer, bathed her head, and carried refreshments to her room. Soon we had the satisfaction of finding that we had succeeded most admirably; for in the evening she arose, and put herself in the neatest attire possible, and was full of life and activity. She really was in many respects, an interesting, captivating, and well educated woman. Possessing a charming person, together with many other embellishments, and turning her attention wholly to the gentlemen, it is no wonder that they were led "captive at her will." She did not have long to deplore the absense of her husband; for one of the officers seemed to feel so much for his absence that he assumed his place, so far as it was in his power to do so, although he had a wife at home, who, no doubt awaited his coming with deep anxiety. . But what of this! this beautiful stranger must be attended to; and he was the one to sit hour after hour with her; to dance and sing, and finally to furnish private refreshments for her room after the dance. She seemed so fully engrossed as to forget all who attended her so faithfully during her severe, though not very protracted illness! She thanked us most cordially, however, but when that ceremony was over, she dispensed with all other communications with females, except one who came on board nearly as deeply afflicted as her ladyship appeared to be, on parting with her dearly beloved husband. She had received a telegraphic despatch that her sister was about to finish her earthly career. They could, of course, feel for each other. The last lady, though not half so bewitching as the first, soon had a gallant; one of those rough-faced, would-be-gentlemen. So she was enabled to pass her time tolerably comfortable, notwithstanding she was receding from her home and husband, and approaching a dying or dead sister. One of these ladies had the works of lord Byron, the other some novels; so they were enabled to entertain themselves in the absence of their gallants; though it was very evident, that they were never alone when duty or business did not necessarily call off these ardently devoted men. It really appeared as if these loving ladies would have been quite as grateful to his satanic majesty, if he would but take off their husbands, as ever Tom Walker was for killing his termagant wife. The first lady changed cards with her gallant, and as she got off the boat to go with a gentleman whom her husband had engaged to see her safe to the east, she promised to meet him in Pittsburg. The last sight we got of her, she was walking up into a little town, leaning fondly on the arm of her new gallant. The other woman got off late at night, so that we did not get to see an exhibition of her tenderness! After all I have said about the former, I am am not willing to think that she was a totally depraved woman; but think perhaps, that it was her love of conquest which led her into those imprudencies. She was what the world calls a splendid woman in dress, in graceful manners, and being beautiful, she, no doubt, had been used to flattery and devotion from the other sex. This was the very atmosphere she appeared to love, and being but newly married, she seemed unconscious of the force of her own conduct, or the impression it would unavoidable make on others; or, perhaps, her husband was so tender that she looked for it from all the sex. Whatever motives prompted her, I hope that she, and all other females, will forever abandon a course so repugnant to the feelings of the truly refined and virtuous. Could ladies hear the jokes and sly insinuations thrown out by other gentlemen after they are gone, if not dead to virtue, they must sicken at the thought that their own conduct had subjected them to such reproach. I am a friend to females, FEEL that their character is of inestimable worth, and this is what has caused me to write what I have. O, that it might prove beneficial to some. We had many interesting, intelligent females aboard who commanded attention from all that were worthy of notice. Yet so noble and dignified was their course that they were never approached but in the most respectful manner, none daring to offer the slightest familiarity that was not in accordance with the strictest rules of propriety. I love, that nameless something, among women, that seems to say, "touch me not," however social and companionable she may be; this indeed I love to see, while I deprecate that haughty reserve, that makes many of them appear like puppets, merely dressed out to be seen, not to instruct, to enliven, to benefit mankind. to bless with words of purity and kindness; but like statutes to be gazed on. One prayer and I am done, with the over familiar class and these squeamish ones that can scarcely move their delicate lips, to answer a polite question from both classes, good Lord deliver me. I would have all wives, as well as Cæsar's, not only to be pure but above suspicion, shunning the appearance of evil, of every kind, giving none occasion to the adversary. How many specimens of character are found in these floating domicils! What a mixed multitude of religious and irreligious, of virtuous and profane are gliding up and down our mighty rivers—passing and repassing! But the time has come to close up the little history of my travels; so I will just say that the Arcadia after keeping ahead for several days, not even stopping to take on passengers, got behind while taking in wood, and so lost the victory by a few hours. I had now got to my landing place, and so bade adieu to my social Catholic friends, and to our clever Captain, having parted with his wife at Cincinnati, and many others, that I respected. I found myself on terra-firma once more, in the good old Buckeye State, and felt it good to be again with warm hearted, confiding friends, that I could trust. Since that time I have enjoyed much happiness—for which I hope, I am grateful to the Supreme Being.

SECTION X.

The Choice of a Wife.

I'll tell you sir, what kind of wife,
I'd have you take, through this short life;
To cheer you with her smile.
She should possess a feeling heart,
And graceful manners, without art,
Your hours, with love beguile.

I'd love to see her beaming eye
Grow brighter, when your form was nigh;
And tenderness impart.
Her voice, with pleasing accents clear,
Like music, sounding in the ear,
Or thrilling through the heart.

Thus with a spell, to bind the soul,
And all its loneliest hours control,
I'd have that one to be,
So pure in heart, so free from guile,
So calm, and gentle, all the while;
A lovely one you see.

Thus smoothly, may you pass life's vale,
While cheered by many a pleasant gale,
May all to love be given.
But while you speed, your onward way,
May you your grateful homage pay,
To Him who rules in Heaven.

But should a cold world, turn aside,
Or sad misfortune e'er betide,
Or sickness waste your frame;
I then would have her firmly stand,
With soothing word and willing hand,
To check each rising flame.

To point you to that world of light,
Where chilling winds, no more can blight,
Nor sorrows ever come.
To tell you of that bright abode,
The home of angels, and of God,
Where happy spirits roam.

May nothing then your hearts divide,
But on through life, serenely glide,
Bound by the fondest tie,
That could a feeling bosom warm,
And give to life its loveliest charm,
And raise the thoughts on high.

O! William, may this be thy lot,
A being with such kindness fraught,
Such elegance of taste.
'Twould be thy wish, 'twould be thy pride,
To call this lovely one, thy bride,
And may you be in haste;

For I confess, 'twould be delight,
To witness such a blessed sight,
With two congenial minds;
To know that they were bound in heart,

That naught but death could ever part,
The hallowed tie that binds.

I have not drawn in beauty's mould,
Nor once have mentioned heaps of gold,
For these are sordid things,
Compared with mental charms at best,
Appear the least, appear the last
The muse should ever sing.

The Widow, whose Son was Drowned.

A TALE OF WO.

I spent the summer of 1845 in the city of Quincy, State of Illinois. While there, I became acquainted with a lady who deeply interested me. She was more than ordinarily graceful and pleasing in her manners; yet a pensive melancholy, distinctly marked every feature of her face, making every one that saw her, feel that she was indeed a child of sorrow. She was, however, a devoted follower of that Man of grief, who had once said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful." I first met her in a social meeting, and soon learned that she was the widow of a very worthy man, who had died a short time before, leaving her a stranger in a strange land, under very embarrassing circumstances, with three boys to be supported by her industry. They had seen days of prosperity together; but her husband, Mr. Stone, had, by a sad reverse of fortune, lost his property in the east, and, like many others, had fled to the west, with a view of restoring his family to their former comfort and indulgence. But just as he was ready to enter upon business, he was cut down, ere his sun had reached its meridian altitude. Inspired by true Christian courage, this noble woman set about supporting herself and her children with her needle,—and so very well did she keep them, that one could hardly believe but that they were the children of opulent parents. instead of a poor, lonely widow. I met her one Sabbath afternoon in a social meeting, and never can I forget the impression made on my mind by her plaintive tale of wo. She remarked that deep sorrow had taken possession of her spirits, and that she was almost ready to ask, "Why is it so with me?" She continued in a most emphatic and solemn tone, "but the vows of God are upon me, and I may not go back." Her uncommon emotions seemed indeed portentous—the very next week the accumulating waters of sorrow gathered around her, and wave after wave of wo rolled over her. Her son—her eldest son—her beloved Isaac, was called suddenly from her embrace.—Isaac, at this time, was about fourteen years of age—a very interesting lad—and was employed in a store, at one hundred dollars per year; besides, having the privilege of the merchant who hired him, of being paper carrier for the city, for which he was to receive fifty dollars more. This was done, no doubt, to favor this good woman, and her most dutiful son. Isaac told his mother not to fret, or work so hard, "for," said he, "I can keep you now." Thus did he try to cheer the drooping spirits of his sorrowing mother.

A beautiful girl about Isaac's own age lived near, and like himself, she was much admired for her amiable disposition. She had obtained the consent of her parents to have a "pic nic" party, and Isaac was to be at the head of the van. It was generally thought that these two were very fond of each other, young as they were. The evening before the party was to take place was a beautiful one, and Isaac went home to his supper in the finest spirits imaginable — spoke to his mother of the party, and full of joyfulness left the house with a merry laugh — so his fond mother said — but, sad to tell, never returned to it again. Just as he got into the street, some boys were bringing horses out of a livery stable; he jumped on one of them, and rode him into the river. As soon as the horse got a few feet from the shore, he began to jump, and threw Isaac into the stream — to sink — to die. The screams of the other boys soon drew attention. Yet none were permitted to tell the mother until it was fully ascertained that the body could not be found that night. Then the sad tidings were communicated to this lone, sorrow-stricken widow. She spent the night in unutterable anguish. The next day came, and many men gathered for the purpose of finding the body, but every effort seemed unavailing. They labored hard until ten o'clock, when the word was brought, "ISAAC CANNOT BE FOUND." This really seemed to add tenfold weight, if possible, to her sufferings. The men appeared as if every feeling of their hearts were moved. They started a collection and soon raised fifty dollars for powder, and many loud, long, doleful sounds were heard from the cannon's mouth that day over the river in every direction. But all in vain — the body responded not to the call. All this time the poor mother lay on a low bed, while some of us sat near, sometimes mingling our tears with hers, and sometimes trying to soothe her. But what could we say? God had wounded, and who could heal! She spoke of Isaac's kindness and attention to her — his devotion to business, and all his noble, manly qualities that were just developing themselves, and then she would exclaim, "but I shall never hear that merry laugh again! no, never see his loved form!! But O! if I were only certain that his soul was saved, I could give him up. But O! my God! is Isaac lost? How can I bear the thought? how can I give him up? Oh! Isaac!— Isaac!— my son, my dearest son!" Thus passed the time until two o'clock, when the doleful tidings, "Isaac cannot be found," again sounded in that suffering mother s ears. Then came a burst of feeling I can but faintly describe. Her spirits seemed entirely overwhelmed. However, when she had lain a few moments in silent agony, she again called out, "Oh, my Lord! will Isaac never rise until the resurrection morn? Shall fishes eat my son — my dear son? How can I bear it?" — Then she would sink down in silence, until a flood of tears would come to her relief. 'Twas then a most feeling prayer would burst from her lips — a prayer that seemed to penetrate the very heavens — for fortitude to bear her wo — for resignation to the will of God. At three o'clock, news came that Isaac was found, one mile below where he sank. Then devoutly did that lone one thank the Almighty for that favor ; for she had prayed most ardently that her son might be found so he could have a decent burial. Soon the hearse was in motion, a coffin and burial clothes having been prepared. But it was thought improper to let his mother see him, as the fishes had indeed eaten that face, upon which she had so often fondly looked, and imprinted kisses of affection. The hearse moved slowly up to the widow's house — a man stepped in and said, "Mrs. S. you cannot see Isaac — he is not in a condition to be seen." Then that crushed spirit sank, and a lamentable wailing was again heard in that house of sorrow. When the vehement feeling passed away, she arose, and was placed in a carriage, to follow that lifeless boy to the city cemetery. The young girl who was to give Isaac the party, was placed beside her. She merited this ; for all the day she had set and wept with us around the bed of Mrs. S. I visited Mrs. S. again and again, and found her mourning, not so much the loss alone of her gay, sprightly boy, as the sudden removal of his spirit to the eternal world. She feared that amidst the gay scenes of life, Isaac had forgotten to prepare for death. She often said, "O! that I had been more faithful to his soul!" The only ground of hope was predicated on this: he had been sick several months before, and after his recovery, his mother asked him how it would have been with him if he had died. "O," said he, "it would have been well —I had peace—I was prepared to go." Some of the boys who were with him said he arose to the surface of the stream and called aloud for mercy. We referred Mrs. S. to the thief on the cross.—"But, O!" she would say, "Isaac lost his good impressions; besides some of the boys denied his having risen at all. The thief was a penitent, but Isaac was called away without any time for repentance. What tears every fibre of my heart, is the thought that I did not talk to Isaac as I should have done."

Now, should not this be a lasting warning to all parents to be on their guard, lest while they are promising themselves much happiness in their children in future life, some fatal wind should blight the tender plant, or some dread disease chill the flowing blood, or, what is more to be lamented, some fatal accident call them away without time for a moment's preparation. Should not every parent be in earnest to press upon the minds of the young and thoughtless, the worth of the undying spirit — the certainty of death — the solemnities of the judgment scene, and the length of eternity? I heard Mrs. S. say, that her husband's dying just as he had got prepared for business, leaving her in a most embarrassed condition among strangers, was nothing to his dying in fits, without being able to take one last—one kind farewell, or give his dying testimony in favor of the religion he professed. This, this was what gave an emphasis to her saddest feelings about her husband, although the Sabbath before his death, he had spoken in meeting of his hopes of life, and immortalty beyond the grave. But it was the untimely death of her boy—her noble, warm-hearted boy—without suitable preparation, that pressed her spirits almost to despair. And though she seemed to be an unusually devoted woman, setting a most becoming example before her children, as well as before the world, yet what pained her most was the heart-rending thought that she had not instructed Isaac as she ought to have done, or would have done had she once imagined he would have been taken so suddenly away. "O! no, no," she said, "I did not do my duty."

Thus passed away that young interesting being, in the very morning of his existence, leaving his mother, and two beautiful brothers to mourn their loss. Many others, too, appeared to feel an uncommon interest in him for one so young. You may ask, "why was it so?" I answer, he was a most dutiful boy to his parents—did all he could to support and cherish his mother after the death of his father, and was, according to his employers, most faithful and trust-worthy. I was pleased to see a publication concerning him, after his death, from an entire stranger. He headed it, "The Widow's son." Said he, "I called in a store one evening to purchase some articles, when

I noticed a very beautiful boy in the store, who seemed to unite ability and readiness to serve, with obliging manners and genteel deportment. I was so struck with the boy's appearance, I had to inquire who he was. I was informed that he was the obedient son of a poor, but very worthy widow. I thought this was one of the best recommendations he could have had. But while I was indulging the fond hope, that he might long live to cheer the hearts that were so fondly confiding in him, the sad intelligence was brought me, before I left the town, that the bright beautiful form now slept in death. But he has left a lasting memento to his friends, who will ever retain a lively recollection of his lovely form, his amiable manners, and his mental worth."

The Itinerant's Wife.

The labors of the day are o'er,
  And I'm preparing for my rest,
No foot-steps now approach the door—
  No husband comes, a welcome guest.

The tender voice I love so well,
  The form I am so pleased to see,
Is distant, where, I cannot tell,
  Alone I bend the suppliant knee.

Yet it is sweet to think of him,
  However distant he may be,
To know at every twilight dim,
  He will be offering prayer for me.

Then this shall stay my throbbing heart,
  And calmly pass the hours away,
That though we often have to part,
  Yet needlessly he will not stay.

No, he will come, and side by side,
  Together we will kneel to pray,
And then how sweet the time will glide,
  And O! how blest each passing day.

Then husband, I will not repine,
  Though often you are called away,
Myself, my all I will resign,
  To Him who taught my lips to say,

"Father, on earth, thy will be done,
  Thy only will in Heaven above,"
By all, beneath the shining sun,
  Who breathe the atmosphere of love.

Go, then, and tell to dying men,
  That they may live in worlds of light,
Go, for my soul will say amen,
  Though oft alone both day and night.

Go, with the sacred words of truth,
  And warn with kindness, night and day—

Go, teach the aged and the youth,
To cast their idols all away.

To bow in deep humility,
Before the holy throne of God;
To live in sweet tranquility,
And rise above this earthly sod.

Then, when our work on earth is done,
Together we will wing our way,
To that bright world beyond the sun,
To regions of eternal day.

There with the whole seraphic host,
We'll strike some golden harp or lyre,
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Our hearts will glow with hallowed fire.

No painful seasons there, are known—
No tears bedim the beaming eye,
Raptur'd we'll shout around the throne,
No more to breathe one parting sigh.

Benevolence.

Benevolence implies, kindness, goodness. This disposition is manifested by many, even in this poor fallen world. The king is called benevolent, who does all that is in his power to make his subjects happy. The legislator is said to be benevolent, who plans and institutes wise and equitable laws. The person who spends life, in deeds of mercy, who seeks for objects of distress, in order to alleviate their sufferings and supply their wants —justly deserves this title. The minister, who spends his days, and consumes nights in efforts to do good to men of every age and condition, is greatly benevolent And that individual whether male or female, who can bid adieu to the refinements of civilized society and social life, and go to the dark uncultivated portions of the earth, prompted by this motive alone, the cultivation of dark destitute minds, well deserves the epithet, benevolent. Perhaps of all the persons we have ever heard of in history, none deserve our attention more than old Moses. He was brought up in all the splendor and magnificence of an eastern court, yet with true magnimity of soul he spurned the treasure of Egypt, refused to be numbered with the heirs of royalty, claimed alliance with degraded Slaves, and suffered reproach of every possible kind, even from the very people his liberality had freed. And as if to cap the climax of all his other acts of beneficence, he prayed the Lord to to cut him off, rather than have the rebellious Nation destroyed, who had aroused the divine displeasure, by repeated murmurs both against God and himself, yet he cries, spare them, though the Almighty had promised to make of him a great Nation. This then, is a striking instance of human benevolence. While referring to ancient history, some females are remembered as deserving the appellation. Witness those women who ministered to the wants of the Savior; hung about the cross when his own apostles fled, and who were first at the sepulchre. Those too, of whom Paul spoke as aiding on the gospel car. The women who gave their most costly jewels to save the city of Rome, may not be forgotten. The celebrated philanthropist, J. Howard, of the eastern continent, merits lasting regard as one of the benefactors of mankind. He spent his life in visiting the loathsome prisons of Europe, delivering many a captive; giving his substance to relieve their wants, and soothing and cheering those whom it was not in his power to set free. He may well be styled a benevolent spirit of modern times. Washington, of the western continent, is another specimen of benevolence. He braved difficulties, endured hardships, and suffered innumerable privations to secure his country's freedom. Among women, none are more conspicuous than the daughter of the Indian Chief, who generously threw herself on the block and offered to die to save the life of Smith, and who, more than once, flew to the colony in the darkness of the night, to save the poor white men from destruction. This untutored woman was truly a princess by nature. If she had had no other title to royalty, this gives her ample claim. And the name of Pocahontas will, no doubt, be handed down to future generations as eminently deserving to be had in remembrance, as one heroically benevolent. The female Howardess of America, who has been spending her life, and fortune, too, in visiting prisons, asylums for the dumb, blind and lunatic, suggesting plans for the relief of the wretched inmates, reading the words of life to the most despairing; pointing the hopeless to the only source that could bring relief, laying the gospel at the feet of the prisoner in the low, damp cell. Surely this female deserves a prominent place in the list of benevolent names. But time would fail me, were I even to try to enumerate, the many that have gone before from different nations, who were influenced by this hallowed principle to deeds of mercy; such as Luther, Calvin, Wesley, Fletcher, Hervey, Whitefield, and a host of others, that have done and suffered much for the good of mankind. But, after calling up so many persons, and referring to so many acts of a benevolent nature, it must be admitted, that every merely human being is prompted by some motive of either a temporal or spiritual kind; some expectation of reward. And this, no doubt, was wisely arranged by One infinitely good, who, knowing the weakness and frailty of fallen nature, provided this means to support and strengthen mortals to do and suffer in the best of causes. The king well knows, that if he promotes the interest and happiness of his subjects, it will add to his own peace, and the security of his throne. The legislator may rest assured, that wholesome laws are a blessing to any people, and that he who contributes to the happiness of others, must augment his own. It may then be said in truth, that impotent man needs some impetus to push him on in the path of duty. No wonder then that Moses had an "eye to the recompense of reward," and that men in every age suffer and endure, "as seeing him who is invisible." But if disinterested benevolence, is that alone which seeks the good of others without any expectation of remuneration, neither in time nor eternity, then the Savior of mankind can alone be called benevolent. That he who was the mighty potentate of Heaven and Earth; the Creator, Supporter, and Upholder of all things, visible and invisible: who walketh abroad on the wings of the wind, and "taketh up the isles as a very little thing;" whose voice awakes the dead, and causes the tempest to cease; at whose mandate the whole heavenly hosts are ready to fly—should come himself to redeem rebels that had broken his own law ; suffer them too, to offer him every insult and cruelty that fallen nature, aided by the malignant spirit of darkness, could devise; then die to save these very beings from endless ruin, is a true exhibition of genuine, disinterested benevolence. For, true it is, that "for a good man some would even dare to die," yet Christ manifested the benevolence of his nature, by dying for his enemies. "For, though he was rich, yet for our sakes he became poor." "Great is the mystery of godliness."

Lines,

WRITTEN IMPROMPTU, ON BEING TOLD I HAD NO HOME.

Once a pleasing form addressed me,
  Though in language somewhat rude,
"Maiden, whither wouldst thou fly thee?
  Canst thou hope for future good?

Thou art here a lonely pilgrim,
  Then, ah! whither wouldst thou roam?
Shouldst thou seek some other region,
  Still thou art without a home."

Yes sir, I do know I'm lonely,
  And I often deeply feel,
That the world is dark before me,
  Few the pleasures it will yield.

Once I had a father's blessing;
  Once I shared a mother's smile,
Then I felt those fond caressings,
  That the lonely hours beguile.

Death deprived me of my father,
  Thus you see me left alone,
Nor did he spare a tender mother,
  To cheer up our saddened home.

Now the world is oft mistaken,
  By a face that's clad in smiles;
They little know, I feel forsaken,
  Nor do they think I'm sorrow's child.

Sir, I could not tell my feelings,
  When thou saidst I had no home,
Despair, then o'er my spirit stealing,
  Responded, no! I am alone.

Yet, kind sir, I have one blessing,
  That the world cannot destroy;
Upward, now my soul is pressing,
  There, I'll have a home of joy.

There, I'll meet my friends in glory,
  And I'll walk alone no more,
O! 'twill be a pleasing story!
  That my sorrows all are o'er.

Disappointed Love.

JohnFletcher was an intimate acquaintance of my early days, being then an inmate of my father's house. He had received a good education in Washington City, D. C., and the advancement that he made in literature gave demonstrative proof that his time had not been trifled away. When he was about seventeen years old, his parents emigrated to the west, as it was then called, and settled near the Ohio River. He spent several years in rambling over the hills or sitting by the gurgling streams to woo the muse. His ardent spirit longed for other enjoyments,—enjoyments of a more intellectual nature than this newly settled country could afford. He determined to return to the east, and soon after gave up his ramblings in the western wilds and located himself in the City where he had been educated. He often returned to visit his friends and solace the hearts of his parents, who still lived beside a stream amidst hills and dales, in this broken country. I always was favored with his company on these occasions, and this was very grateful to my feelings, as I had been instructed by him in some branches of literature that I highly prized. Once when returning from one of these western excursions, he found a carriage broken down on the road, with some ladies in it, he drew near and politely offered his assistance. He found that the carriage belonged to a gentleman by the name of Hatch, who was moving his family to Kentucky. Mr. Fletcher was a warm hearted, generous young man, who was always ready to assist those in distress. This affair of the carriage first elicited his attention — but afterwards no doubt another matter forcibly moved him. Mr. Hatch had one only daughter, a very interesting young lady who by the time the carriage was repaired, had made quite an impression on the heart of the romantic young Fletcher. He was almost an enthusiast in love, and never once thought of the cold, unfeeling world around, but seemed ever ready to think that all were as sincere and as true hearted as himself. So by the time the family were ready to pursue their journey, Mr. F. had hired a hack and offered his services to take Miss Jerusha, the daughter, a part of the way on her journey. The offer was accepted, and the young couple never parted until they had reached the banks of the Ohio-River, where they separated after many expressions of affection and constancy —for by this time they were mutual in their preference for each other. Fletcher returned to the City and engaged in mercantile pursuits with vigor; with the fond hope that soon his happiness in an earthly point of view, would be consummated by a union with that lovely girl. Time flew on rapid wing, but the tedium of absence was made up by letters that uttered words of burning import, for he was ardent and open in his declarations. She was tender and confiding. So after the lapse of many months, he thought it was time to bring matters to a close, the arrangements having all been made by these devoted young friends. He started in the depths of winter from the City of Washington to Kentucky, he made the trip on horseback, as the roads prevented him from going in a buggy at that season. Though of a slender delicate, constitution, he bore the hardships of the travel, admirably, buoyed up by the thought that he would be amply compensated by the reception of that noble being, he soon expected to call his wife. But he soon found out that he had forgotten to reckon with his host—for although her parents received him most graciously, and permitted him to have constant access to Miss J's. company, yet with all their attention and courtesy, they utterly refused their consent to the marriage, unless he could find it convenient to locate himself by their side. In vain the young man plead the utter ruin of his business were he to attempt this, for he had vested his all in goods when they were selling high, and now there was a depression in the money market, and if he attempted to sell he must do it to the greatest possible disadvantage. But no eloquence could move Mr. H., "no, no John Fletcher, if you were a Prince, I could not consent to this ; what to have our only daughter, the solace of our declining days, to go with you to some distant land, no never ! " was the determined reply of this immovable father. The secret of this was perhaps that, she was heiress to a considerable estate left in the hands of an only brother, who was secretly opposed to her marriage, knowing that her funds would no longer be at his disposal. He, it was thought, urged his parents to act as they did. Truly, Miss J. was to be pitied as well as her lover — for she was willing to go any where, or make any sacrifice for him, that love and virtue could demand. But they were both too high minded to do any thing underhandedly, so he returned sadly disappointed. I happened at his father's the evening he stopped on his way back to Washington, and heard him relate the whole adventure to his father. As I was very young they did not seem to realize that I could be at all interested in a love story — but in this they were entirely mistaken. I was deeply interested in the whole conversation, and now remember many things that passed, as well as if it had been but yesterday. Mr. Fletcher soon left for the east, and there strove with diligence to rescue himself from the difficulties, that the pressure of the times had brought him into, as well as to secure a competence of this world's goods, hoping at some future time to be able to obtain the object of his highest wishes in the person of Miss Jerusha. But how uncertain is every thing beneath the sun, how fluctuating the tide of human affairs, how ignorant we are of future events! It happened not long after this, that Mr. Fletcher called at a meeting among a devout band of worshipers, where many a knee was bent in humble supplication, and many a wanderer returned to confess his guilt after years of dissipation and folly. Soon the blessed theme of salvation touched his heart, and while the ministers of God were holding up to view the reeking cross, and proclaiming to all the imperishable riches of Christ! he bowed with the penitent around the altar of prayer, and soon was made a happy recipient of grace. He now willingly laid down all his ambitious views at the foot of the cross, gave up his aspirations after wealth and fame; and doubtless was willing to count all things but loss, for this one pearl of great price. He now no longer looked to earth for enjoyment, but from this time set his face towards the heavenly City. He, however, still thought of the beauteous being that had first filled his youthful imagination with tender sentiments of love. Yet he reasoned thus: "I cannot abandon my business here, and throw myself upon her friends for support—I will not stoop to an elopement, my means are not ample enough to keep her in the situation in which she has been raised—and she will be deprived of her fortune should I marry her in opposition to her friends, and last, but not least, she is not religious—she is a devotee of the world, loves its fashions and maxims—I must give her up, as well as I love her, and that forever." He then, after mature deliberation gave her a full detail of the change that had passed upon his mind, and told her frankly that he never could think of taking her in direct opposition to her friends' wishes. He assured her, that he loved her too well to ask her to go into the shades of poverty with him, and finally relinquished his claim to her hand, and gave her entirely up, although he acknowledged, that it was like separating soul and body, yet he thought it was his duty, to do this under the then existing circumstances. He waited a long time for an answer, but no answer came—so finding himself as he supposed, entirely given up by his loved Jerusha, he turned his thoughts to a young lady that he had long known, who was a member of the same church, and they were intimately known to each other; the whole matter was soon arranged. There was none to oppose in this case, as she was an orphan, left in infancy with an ample fortune at her own disposal. She was a professor of the religion of Jesus, and John Fletcher thought it the most suitable match he could make, situated as he then was. They soon stood before the hymenial altar, but scarcely had they plighted their mutual vows, when a letter was brought him from the office, from his once loved, still cherished, Jerusha. But what were his feelings when he found that she still clung to him with all the devotion of affection, and unchanging love of a true hearted woman. 'O' said she 'Fletcher, it does not require a palace to be happy with you, I could be happy with you in the meanest hovel.' This wrung every fibre of his heart. His own brother told me that he was by, when he read the letter, and saw him weep most profusely—reproaching himself for the precipitate step he had taken, that might blight the future prospects of that innocent young being forever. I saw him but once, after this fatal affair. He came to my father's, with a drove of horses he had purchased in Western, Va., staid several days—spoke to my father of the matter, told him, that he had married a young lady of worth, "but" said he, "had that letter reached me one hour, before we stood up, I never could have married the one I did." He was evidently much affected and from that time his health rapidly declined. And now his work on earth was fast accomplishing—he never had enjoyed firm health, and this quite unstrung his nerves. He was soon confined by disease to his room, and in a little more than one short year his spirit took its flight to another world. He died a most triumphant death and is now, I make no doubt, mingling with the ransomed host before the throne of God. He said when dying that he heard music and singing, and asked some that were present if they did not hear the same. He was a man of one business after he professed religion, and his end, and aim seemed to be to secure a rich inheritance where disappointments are unknown. He often shouted the high praises of God below, no wonder that his ear caught the music of heaven; just before he passed away to the mansions of rest, and the singing he heard was perhaps the notes of the heavenly messengers who came from the regions of glory, to conduct his spirit home to rest. Thus passed away one of the most talented and active of business men, in the pride and bloom of manhood. Some may reproach him for marrying before he had ascertained how matters were with Miss Jerusha; well, he could hardly forgive himself for this, but he had given the matter up from principle, and thought too, that she had willingly submitted to the desire of her friends, as the answer was so long delayed. But the letter had been detained on the road, and thus a noble woman was left for twenty years a stranger to the fate of the man she so ardently loved. After the lapse of this long period, she accidentally met a sister of John Fletcher's in one of the western Cities. She immediately recognized the sister from her resemblance of her brother. But the sister met her several times before she said any thing on the subject, not being fully conscious that it was Jerusha H.; however, having ascertained her whole name, she felt assured it must be the same lady that her brother once so fondly loved. She happened one day to meet her alone in the street, ventured to ask Miss Hatch if ever she had known a young man by the name of Fletcher. "Yes," said Miss J., "and you are his sister, I have known you ever since I first saw you." They both wept. "I feel" said Miss Hatch, "as if I had found a long lost sister." Do you know the fate of young Fletcher!" asked the sister. 'No,' said Miss Hatch, "twenty years have passed since I heard one word from him, but I have always hoped that he still lived, and that we would again be restored to each other."

Thus passed away the life of that devoted woman. What secret agony she must have felt — what unknown suffering she must have endured — waiting in silence the return of one whose cherished form could not be forgotten. But in vain she chided the moments that glided so slowly away, in vain she watched every returning mail in hopes that it would bring some tidings of the man of her early choice, but days, and months, and years, brought no sound of his name, no letter fraught with kind words and tender sentiments ever came again to gladden her weeping eyes, or cheer her sinking spirits; no, no. She was doomed to suffer in utter silence, and in the deep recesses of her soul alone was felt the dreadful force of crushed affections, and broken hopes, and fond desires. No doubt she often reasoned thus, "where is he, whom my soul loves ?" with uncommon ardor ; "where is that pleasing form, that caught my young desire and first filled me with tender emotions ! does he sleep in death far from me ! O say, shall he never visit me again, shall I never feel the warm pressure of his hand, clasping my own with the tenderness of love ! shall his voice never again pour its melody upon my ears, or thrill my soul with feelings indescribable ! Oh that I knew where to find him, that I might let him know that though father, and mother, and brother, all oppose —that he still lives as fresh in my affections, as he did when I first consented to unite my destiny with his."

Poor Jerusha ! I have often felt a sense of deep anguish filling my own bosom and moving my heart with distress for thee. But no more will thy sighs be heard, for thy body sleeps quietly in the tomb, and thy immortal soul has gone to the regions of eternal day. Miss Hatch had received her fortune, and feeling the want of that consolation in her own soul that the world cannot give, she sought it where it could alone be found in the bosom of a compassionate Redeemer. Here she poured her complaints, and here found a sovereign remedy for every wound. She knew how to sympathize with the suffering and having chosen to live single, she now commenced an active life. Having removed from Kentucky, settled in a large city, where objects of suffering were numerous, she freely gave of her substance for their earthly wants, and poured in their ears the words of mercy that had been her own solace in days of darkness, and sad despair.

But after I had commenced writing the story of her early days, the publication of her death came to hand. She died as she lived, a pattern of goodness and constancy. Her name still lives in the memory of friends, and many a poor sufferer embalms it with the tear of affection. No doubt but these two friends have met, after their long separation in the blessed world above, and recounted their trials and sufferings over — and now see perhaps, what they did not think of on earth, that disappointment first led them to feel that all was uncertain below, that earth was poor and could afford no lasting joy — and was the means made use of to wean their young hearts from perishable things, and finally resulted in their own eternal felicity.

SECTION XI.

On Friendship.

How charming is the warm gush of friendship,
Bursting from the full heart, and beating in
Unison with those of kindred soul. O!
'Tis delight without alloy, to give and
Receive, mutual expressions of kindness,
And good will. How my heart loves those that it
Can trust and feel perfectly safe with, and
Yet how very few there are, who seem to
Know how such a friendship should be prized;
Who, who can bear the unfeeling creature
That has never felt his heart to throb, and
Eye to brighten at the sight of some lov'd
Object, who has twined about his heart, in fond
Embrace. O, he is dead to virtue and to
Feeling, or else he could not, would not live
Without at least one bosom friend! I like
To see the generous tears that flow for
Others in deep distress, and if ever
I felt the full force of tender friendship
It was, when sickness or dread woe had wrung
The heart, and pressed the spirit to despair;
Then clung my heart to the lone image of
The one I call'd my friend: this, this, is proof
That I have loved, and loved sincerely.

For nothing but the purest feelings
Could inspire, the interest I have felt
For those in woe, those too perhaps, who never
Felt for me one genial glow.

The Dutchman's Daughter:

A RUNAWAY MATCH.

In a town not more than a hundred miles distant, lived a good, honest, old Dutchman, who had some very interesting daughters. The young men of the town, stood very much in awe of this old gentleman, knowing that he was one of those sober, calculating men, who could not be caught by mere external appearances. He was much better pleased with plain, honest industry, than all the trappings of art, and greatly preferred marrying his daughters to good farmers, or laborious mechanics, to any of the would-be-doctors, half-starved lawyers, or polite clerks. These, with the whole train of constables, sheriffs, and gentlemen dandies, were banished from his domicil without much ceremony. Yet the young gentlemen were not so certain, that this dispensation was right, respecting these young ladies, seeing that they "were fair to look upon," and "something to be desired;" and withal, that they possessed what many called good, and some very good; especially those who had a disease now very appropriately named the GOLD FEVER. They well knew that these damsels had, in prospect at least, the most SHINING qualities. So they managed so skilfully as to allure these daughters away, one after another, in an underhanded manner, until all were gone, but the two youngest. Now the old Dutchman, finding himself bereft of five of his daughters, determined to redouble all his efforts to secure these.—He watched the elder of the two with uncommon vigilance. She was at this period, about fourteen, an age very susceptible of tender impressions, perhaps. But not being permitted to associate with the other sex, I am not certain but that she would have long maintained her heart free from all entanglements, had she not met at the school, her father permitted her to attend, a very good looking gentleman, much her senior in age, who conceived the plan of giving her a few private lessons, with a view, no doubt, of turning her thoughts to a very important subject. She said, however, that though she thought him kind and attentive, she never once suspected his design, nor thought of love herself, until one day at school, having a girl near her, that she loved sincerely, she threw herself into the girl's lap and said, "kiss me, Lizzie." This private teacher, before alluded to, sat near, and as he had been abundantly kind in other matters, thought he would give her one farther demonstration of his benevolent feelings towards her, and so imprinted a kiss upon her ruby lips. This, of course, was resented, but so good naturedly did he bear her reproaches that he rather won upon her affections than otherwise. But as he was one of the proscribed ones, (though a real clever fellow) he did not dare to visit at her father's. But time flew on rapid wing, yet the inspiring influence made by the kiss, or the tender words returned to her rebuke, for the daring deed, or some sly dart thrown from the quiver of the little god, had made an indelible impression on the young lady's heart.

It is justly remarked by one, perhaps, that love often commences with the first kiss, and quite as truthfully said, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath," and still more definitely understood by the young, that Cupid makes dreadful havoc of the heart, when once permitted to penetrate it. If this be so, young ladies, I would warn you to take care, who comes in contact with your lips, for the very touch, may act like electricity, or whose soft words you listen to, for they may be very contagious; but above all, beware of the arrow from the little blind archer, for sometimes he wounds to death! But to my good old Dutchman's daughter again.

There was a fine grove near one mile from her father's dwelling, where the young people frequently went, when the season was pleasant, to enjoy the cool shade, as well as the very interesting society, found on most occasions at the place. Here, many a joyous hour was spent, and many a pleasing interview took place, between the young and gay. Here, after the lapse of several months, this young lady again met her former teacher and he most willingly recognized his interesting pupil. He was, as he had ever been, very attentive to her every wish and want, had a comfortable seat, and many luxuries provided, to render her easy and gratify her taste.

As gratitude is one of the characteristics of every noble woman, this young lady felt it in an eminent degree, for her favorite teacher. Well to compensate him for his kind attentions, she consented to favor him with her company back, to her father's mansion. Hoping that the old man would be absent, or that at least he would not care, as many other young folks were in company. But to her utter astonishment, when they got to the door, and were just taking leave with mutual expressions of kindness, up stepped the father and forbade him the premises. Now, Nancy, as this young lady was called, made her way most hastily up stairs, to her own room; but she soon found that her room did not secure her from her incensed father, who followed, and demanded of her in a very severe tone, what she meant to do with respect to Mr. Dickerson, as we shall now call him, "do you intend to marry him!" he continued.—"Yes, Sir, if I can get him," said this trembling girl. I loved her for her candor, when she first told me her story, and I still revere her memory for her love of truth. "Well then I will shoot him, if ever you attempt to run off as your other sisters did, mark me he ish a deat man." Down stairs her father went, and left poor Nancy to wind up her evening's cogitations, with no very enviable feelings. "I'll not alwaysh be vooled by dese town chaps," said the old Dutchman as he entered the room, where his wife was sitting. "Mam, dit you ever hear te likes, why they have stoled off Boll, and Kate, and Dine, and Suse, and that Cotarine, what I thought so much of, and now Mr. Dicky, thinks he'll get our Nance, but so he wont. I'll vix him for slow travelin, I'll varrant him. Mam, you must not let Nance go out of the door, by herself. We must have her vatched, or she'll shoost act like them other gals done; now mind and when you can't tend to her, why Jo or I will. The matter's fixed, he don't catch me napping this time, I assure the shentleman." So a guard was set and this poor girl was kept a prisoner for many long days. But love, like jealousy never slumbers. Mr. D., soon had recourse to writing, but unfortunately deposited his letters in the hands of one who betrayed her trust, by keeping them herself; but this secret she could not keep, so she entrusted it to one of her escorts, and sure enough he did not, for he posted off to Mr. D., and told him the whole matter. Now Mr. D., had wondered that Miss N—— had never answered him; but attributed it to the vigilance of her guards. But now he determined not to be thwarted, and so he went to the servant that attended Miss N——, and bribed him to take his young mistress a letter. This the poor darkey attended to faithfully. He now for the first time, made a full confession of regard, in this letter, for prior to this time, he had only been laying down the preliminaries. He directed her to write to him and have it put under a large stone which lay in the street, by her father's door. So every morning she would send her servant before the family were up, and have her's put under, and the one he had put there the previous night taken out. So they kept up a correspondence for several months. In this way the plan was laid for their elopement.—Mr. D. informed her that a house was prepared hard by, where everything would be in readiness. Clothing ready made for her, as he well knew, that she could not secure any of the needful, if she was fortunate enough to make her escape.—She was watched all day and night too, until she was handed to her room at bed time, and then the door was locked by her servant to remain until opened by him in the morning, and though it was severely cold, yet she was not suffered to have fire, lest she should see by it and write to her lover.—"But" said she, "I nearly froze myself to death for write to him I would." So the whole winter passed away, and yet no chance for escape had been afforded her.

But spring returned bringing with it beautiful days. This prisoner was permitted to sit with her mother on the porch. Her parents were abundantly kind to her in every matter, but this foolish love scrape as they called it. One very pleasant day, her father was called away on business, to a distant part. He did not go however, until "Jo" was cautioned to "vatch" his sister, which Jo affirmed he would diligently attend to. But no sooner was the old Dutchman out of sight, than Jo put off to the tavern to pay his devotions to Bacchus, at whose shrine he had faithfully bowed for several of the last years, and take a game of cards among his old associates. Nancy and her mother had plied their needles most industriously until the darkness of the evening gave them a season of rest. They were both engaged in thought. One about her lover, and the possibility of an escape that night, and the other about her absent husband, and the best means of securing the daughter now left to her entire care. Nancy had matured her plan, when darkness visible had spread its ebon shades over the whole face of nature. The mother arose and ordered N—— to follow her into the house. Nancy told her to wait a moment, and just as the mother entered the door, N—— jumped over the garden paling, which stood near the porch, and fled with rapidity across the garden, to the house provided for her retreat. As soon as the mother entered the door, she turned round to look for N——; but no N—— was there. The servants were despatched in every direction, to look for the runaway. Search was made in every house where light was to be seen, but no light appeared in the house where N—— was, and so she was not discovered. The windows had been purposely blinded. Poor Jo soon heard the thrilling intelligence, which filled his soul with horror.—He could not bear to think that his father must find out that he was not worthy of the trust reposed. This he knew might make against him very seriously in the way of dollars and cents; so he quit all and started in pursuit of the renegade.—Nancy had found a kind reception from the family at whose house she had taken shelter, and soon Mr. D. was on hands, and everything in motion, for no time must be lost. Some of Mr. D's. friends had called in to aid him in this emergency. One was to take charge of Miss N——, and conduct her through the street, while some others went with Mr. D. to take the horses around another way.—Miss N—— put on a getleman's cloak and hat and thus disguised started with the gentlman to whose care she had been committed, but had not proceeded far until she met her brother, but escaped unnoticed, as he mistook her for a lad. The parties soon met at the beautiful grove where some few fleeting months before they had enjoyed themselves so delightfully. Mr. D., now put N—— on his own horse, and mounting another, was soon out of sight of the friends that had volunteered their services to see them to Pennsylvania. But fearing the old Dutchman's gun, they never slackened their speed until they stopped at the Esquire's to have the marriage ceremony performed, which ceremony was ended, ere the other adventurers had come up. So they all returned in cheer and glee. Mrs. D. found out soon after that her father was far from being reconciled. She sought his house and favor, but he turned from her and would not speak for three long years. Her brother Jo was still more incensed, not that he cared about the match, but he was so enraged to think that his sister would do it in his father's absence, he never spoke for five years to either of them.

The father was convinced at last, that Mr. D. was worthy of the confidence reposed in him, by his young confiding wife, and so took them into favor, and soon the happy couple surrounded by numerous friends found themselves welcome guests at her father's house. I often shared their hospitalities around the board, and spent many pleasant days with this amiable couple, heard from them, their early history, and as long as I knew them they seemed to enjoy perfect peace and happiness in the domestic circle. She often told me that she had one of the best of husbands; "but," said she, "I ran a great risk, for had my husband been ever so unkind, my father never would have taken me back." The old Dutchman finally became so pleased with Mr. D., that he put him at the head of all his business matters, and concluded at last that there might be valuable, industrious men who were not farmers or mechanics.

The History of an unfortunate young Girl who drowned herself.

I was in early life acquainted with a comely, young girl, named Clara Shrover. She seemed all life and animation at this period. The rose and lily combined to make her face attractive. She appeared to be a light, glad form of earth, sporting in the sun-shine of plenty. I first met with her at a religious meeting. She was deeply impressed with the subject of her soul's salvation, and many friends fondly hoped, no doubt, that Clara would become truly pious, and be a useful woman in her day and generation. Of her early history, I know nothing definitely, save that she was said to be very passionate, and that she frequently threatened to drown herself, when quite young. What a pity that her will had not been subdued by parental authority, when a child. But of this matter I am not fully prepared to speak, having been brought up some thirty miles from her father's. Mr. S. was a man of good character; he used to visit at my father's, when I was a child. He filled an important station in life, and was a very correct man in all his deportment so far as I knew. But he died, leaving his young daughter to be raised by her mother and brothers, being as I believe an only daughter, and perhaps the youngest of the family. She in all probability, was too much indulged. This is quite a common error among people of our day; they do not seem to realize, that false indulgence is ruinous in its consequences, and much to be deplored, always injuring, and sometimes destroying its subjects. Be this as it may with regard to Miss S., one thing is certain, that though nature had been bountiful in the bestowment of charms upon her person, yet soon all the hopes indulged with regard to her future advancement were blighted: proving how evanescent are the scenes of earth! How fleeting the visions of youth! How transitory are earthly enjoyments, and how utterly vain to expect to find happiness, unless we seek it in the sacred path of duty!

It was not long until one being seemed to engross all her attention, and one theme alone to inspire all her thoughts. This being sought and won her fondest affections. Her friends disapproved the anticipated connexion, and he was denied the privilege of visiting her at her mother's house. But that all-conquering, all-subduing passion, love, induced her to meet him at other houses, for some considerable time. But it was at length perceived by her friends that she was very unhappy. Yet nothing is definitely known, so far as I could ascertain, respecting the lover's course toward her, only this, that he was heard to say, that he was as good as her brothers, and that he would not marry her because of their treatment to him. Whether he had actually deceived her farther than thus captivating her heart, and then rejecting her hand, is not known. But true it is, that the spirit that had been unsubdued by her nearest relatives, that neither their severity nor love could move, now gave way to the most intense despair. Finding herself abandoned by one who had vowed with all the ardor of devotion, (so congenial to the warm, confiding heart of woman) to love and protect her, through the journey of life. No wonder that she should feel that all bright hopes were wrecked, forever wrecked! Poor, infatuated girl! She had given up her hopes of heaven, had left the altar of her God, and sacrificed all hopes of life and joy beyond the tomb, for this poor, sordid son of earth, who could abandon her at a time when every other expectation of happiness had fled. Indulgent heaven, say, how can this be, that man the natural protector of the gentler sex, here in this land of light and liberty, should seek her entire destruction! a thing that many a dark, untutored savage would blush to do. But to go on with the history of Clara is now my object, and not to descant on the perfidious, unhallowed, and almost unpardoned crimes of the creature, that, wearing the form of humanity, can stoop to do a deed that a fallen spirit should tremble to perform.

Soon the demon of despair drove poor C. to form the most cool, calculating scheme of self-destruction, ever devised by infernal agency, and which was fully accomplished in a few weeks after. She went to a town some few miles distant, there purchased not only her own burial clothes, but also a suit of mourning clothes for her mother. These she made up in her own room, unknown to her friends; after preparing every thing for her funeral, and hanging her room in mourning, she started off under the pretence of visiting a friend some three miles distant. She stopped on the road several times and bade her neighbors farewell, remarking that she never expected to see them again. Still her real designs seem never to have been thought of until the dreadful deed was perpetrated. When arrived at the house she first started for, she was kindly received by her friends, and nothing special was observed by any of them, only the deep melancholy that had clouded her brow; but as they heard the story of her disappointment, it was all attributed to that. She went to bed with a young girl who was living in her friend's family. After lying a considerable time, she got up and went out, but not returning, the girl after sometime became uneasy and arose, and called up the family; told them how long Clara had been gone, stated that she had been very restless all the time that she had been in bed. This alarmed them, and they made immediate search for her to no avail, sent a messenger to her mother's, thinking that she had gone back; her brothers ran up stairs to her room, found it locked, but as the key was in the door, it was opened forthwith. To their utter astonishment, they found the room, the bed and mirror, all in mourning. The truth, the fearful truth, that C. had destroyed herself now rushed upon their minds. But where the body could be found was a matter of distressing inquiry. This, however, was soon ascertained; for looking on her bureau, they discovered three letters, directed, one to her mother, another to her brother, and the third to her faithless lover. She stated in those letters, that life was a burden too intolerable to be borne, that she had forfeited the favor of Heaven, that she looked for no happiness in this world, nor the world to come, that she could not brook the sneers of a cold, unfeeling world, and so was determined to quit the miseries known and felt, and plunge into those unknown and unfelt, that they might find her body in the mill-pond of her friends, as she had chosen that place in order that they might readily obtain it for interment; made a disposition of her property; assigned as a reason for making up her mother's mourning apparel, that the horror of the scene would disqualify her for the work. Her friends went without delay to the mill-pond, and found her body just as day dawned upon the horrid spectacle. Her shoes lay upon the bank of the stream where she got into the canoe. She had taken the precaution to tie a handkerchief around her neck to keep the blood up in her face, so that she might appear natural. She stated in her letter that she would so do in order to preserve her color. Thus closed the short but eventful life of that once interesting young girl. One who saw her corpse, told me that her cheeks still retained their ruddy appearance as they had done in life, but that thinking, deathless soul, had gone to another tribunal beyond the reach of mortals. The scene at the grave was said to be truly lamentable. Her mother was almost frantic with grief. "I thought," said this bereft widow, "that I had been one that had suffered deep afflictions, but confess I never knew what sorrow was until now." The excitement was so great against her faithless, heartless lover, that had he been found at the grave of this victim, his life would have been taken. May God in infinite mercy, pardon his deep guilt, if he is still living! May parents use all their efforts to subdue the self-will and unholy passions of their children! May friends take heed how they oppose the wishes af those in love, and last but not least, may young ladies guard well their hearts against all unprincipled young men, whose bewitching blandishments may lure them to destruction!

Heat and Electricity.

Heat is said to be an imponderable agent, having no appreciable weight; but surely it is a very mysterious agent, pervading all bodies from the burning equatorial regions, to the most distant polar climes. Nor can any body be wholly divested of this principle by any known process. This we readily infer from the fact, admitted by chemists themselves, that the true zero has never yet been found. To demonstrate its nature and power has been the work of scientific research for past ages.

Like air, it is a subtle principle, found in a latent state, even in ice and snow — lying in the cold steel and frozen flint, unseen and unfelt without measure or weight; yet, under certain circumstances, assuming a most terrific form; walking abroad over cities and villages — leveling the most lofty domes and mighty cathedrals with the dust. Though often a most formidable foe, it is always an indispensable friend. Without this expansive principle, all bodies would remain in a solid form. Heat is necessary for the sustenance of all animal and vegetable life. Without it, no returning spring would gladden our eyes; no song of birds would salute our ears; no fruits of summer would regale our tastes; and no productions of autumn would again ever fill our empty barns and storehouses. Death would reign without a rival, over both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Who, then, can take a rational survey of nature, in all its various ramifications and adaptations to our wants, and not feel that in infinite wisdom all has been arranged! It is this agent that propels our mighty machinery; which supplies us with many of the luxuries, as well as the necessaries of life.

It is this that sends our steamboats, laden with the richest freights, like birds of passage, up and down our rivers, with a velocity unequalled by our swiftest quadrupeds, and only excelled by the steam car and magnetic telegraph. The boats, the cars, and no doubt, the telegraph too, would be entirely inert bodies, without this all-expansive power. Man, who without the aid of religion, art, and science, would still be found in a rude, uncultivated state, living in wretched tents, or in the cavities of rocks or hollow trees, spending a miserable life, without hope and without God, has been enabled to accomplish wonders! With intellectual powers, refined and sublimated by the Omnipotent one, he has controlled both visible and invisible agents, and made them subserve his will. He sends his mandates abroad, not on the wings of the wind, but by a power unseen and unknown save by its developements, with almost inconceivable speed—leaving the wind in its most rapid movements, lagging far behind. This agent, or electric fluid, though often bringing death in its most dreadful form, by striking down its victim without a moment's warning, is also made the instrument of much good to man; and who can tell what it may yet do for us—for all mankind. It may in a few years be made the medium of communication to every nation of the earth, and every island of the sea. Perhaps, too, it may be made an agent of mercy, bearing on its viewless wings, relief to the suffering, and donations to the starving poor, unbinding the shackles of the oppressed and opening the prison to the captive. May it not be the angel which John saw fly through the midst of Heaven, "having the everlasting Gospel to preach!"

May we not rationally hope, and most devoutly pray, that every element may be brought to bear on man's redemption from the deep degradation that sin has brought upon him. Surely every one that feels the worth — the priceless worth — of the immortal spirit would most ardently desire the universal spread of this holy principle — supreme love to God and good will to man of every grade, from the mightiest potentate that ever swayed a sceptre, down to the poorest beggar that ever lived. O, then, may the winds proclaim His name, who gave them their being, to every distant land; may the waters utter a voice from sea to sea, and from the rivers to the ends of the earth — a voice of mercy through the merits of our dying and risen Lord; — and lightning, too, bear on its wings around the Globe, the tidings of salvation, until the dark spirits who now toil in deep mines of iniquity be illuminated; and the captives' chains (who are now under a more oppressive yoke of bondage than ever was imposed on man, by Eastern despotism or African slavery) be broken off. No doubt that every true philanthropist will say Amen to this. Let violence cease; let every fetter that binds the bondman and the free to earth, be broken off, and let the earth keep jubilee.

SECTION XII.

Lines:

WRITTEN ON HEARING A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER GIVE A LECTURE ON TEMPERANCE, AFTER LISTENING TO A DISCOURSE FROM ONE WHO ABUSED AND PERSONATED SOME WHO KEPT TAVERNS IN THE PLACE.

I listen'd with great pleasure to thy strain,
Of holy eloquence so calm and plain,
So free from all that could offend the ear;
I thought the purest, most refined might hear,
Without one shadow of regret or pain;
And e'en the vile, themselves could not complain;
For thou didst show, in love, the erring plan
That does corrupt the heart, debase the man.
Without discovering envy, pride or hate,
Or personating any in the State:
While all must own, the evils you describe,
And feel that thrilling truths were on your side,
That selling rum is wrong, the truth is plain,
And its fruits is most unrighteous gain;
That no man now, in this enlightened day,
Can traffic thus, and still presume to pay
Deference to his God, his supreme King,
And yet deal out this most polluting thing.
I gladly heard you plead the cause of truth,

And warn with kindness, both the aged and youth.
O! how propitious is this holy plan,
To save the vilest, most debased of man,
To lead them in the sacred paths of peace,
And cause their crimes and wretchedness to cease.
Is this, my brother, then, thy happy lot?
Would it were mine, although I envy not;
Yet fain I'd bear a heavenly part in this,
And share with you the joy, the sacred bliss;
But since you're destined to this noble part,
Be it my province to guard well my heart,
To do some good on earth, and die forgiven,
And then enjoy an endless rest in heaven.
Go then, thou herald of salvation's laws—
Go, spend thy life in this most blissful cause —
Go, tell the hopeless, the despairing lost,
The price their never-dying spirits cost —
Tell them their ransom's paid, the boon is given,
The dying Savior, opened heaven.
But while this blessed theme your heart inspires,
And lights within your breast devotion's fires,
May one almost unknown, your friendship claim
And will you not forget her humble name.

Poem.

This Poem was written for a minister who requested the writer not to mistake him for a Catholic Priest, because he was a widower. At the same time spoke of taking a young quakeress to a distant part to see her friends, said he, "it is a matter of gratitude, as I have been greatly obliged by herself and parents while a resident in the family."

Now if the muse would pass this way,
I'd sing you sir, a little lay,
Your lonely hours, it might beguile,
And cause you once at least, to smile.
But I'll not sing of deeds of war;
For these are things, we should abhor,
Nor should it be, of Roman priests,
For of the clergy, they're the least;
Or last, that could inspire one charm,
That would a feeling bosom warm,
They despise one law of heaven,
That was to man in mercy given,
To soothe his grief, to share his joy,
And all his happiest hours employ;
My soul does think the least of them,
Of all the learned sons of men.
But I would sing of gratitude,
For 'tis a theme sublimely good,
And you do seem to feel and know,
How far this principle should go.
I grant 'tis easy when applied,
To some loved object at our side,
If love inspire 'tis easy quite
For then is duty our delight.
But should the object fail to please,
We could not feel so much at ease,

But Sir, the object now in view
Is one no doubt, that pleases you,
And should you ere itinerate,
She'll be the partner of your fate,
And if the quaker in her move,
If she won't sing, she'll talk of love.
But you can sing, and may your way,
Be cheer'd by many a gladsome lay,
Pardon me for my intrusion,
Believe me I am in seclusion:
And hardly do know what to write,
Unless the muses would indite;
But they are such capricious elves,
They leave dull mortals to themselves.

Thoughts on Light,

OR SOME REASONS URGED AGAINST INFIDELITY.

There are two theories respecting light. Some think that it proceeds from minute particles, thrown off from the sun; others, that it is a luminous substance, existing in nature. Whatever conflicting views may be entertained, respecting its nature, or origin, one thing is definitely known, that it is the great antagonist of darkness—that physically, morally and spiritually, they are opponents. It has been fully ascertained that though called an imponderable agent, it is governed by definite laws—laws as unending as time itself.

By the computation of sage astronomers, light travels at the amazing velocity of nearly twelve millions of miles per minute; coming in direct lines from the luminous body, unless obstructed by some more dense substance. If we admit the first theory, which indeed seems to be the more rational conclusion, we must acknowledge that an inexplicable mystery still hangs about it—a mystery, that infinite Wisdom alone can explain. How is it, that this immense globe has been throwing off particles from its body, for more than six thousand years, and yet lost none of its appreciable weight! The Sun is now, no doubt, as large and dense as it was the first moment that it rolled from the All-Creative hand. What mighty reservoir supplies its wasted stores! What superintending power keeps it in the vault of heaven—sustains it in infinite space—makes its revolutions on its axis, always the same—gives it such power of attraction, as to draw all the planetary system around it!

Amidst the fall of nations and mighty empires, this vast orb remains unchanged. Though the diadems have long since fallen from the brows of the Cæsars! The crowns of the greatest potentates of earth have been taken from their heads! Thebes, with its hundred gates, has been lying in the dust for centuries! The powerful armies of Xerxes, Darius and Alexander, have all been hushed to silence by death! Yet the Sun shines as brightly, and dispenses his beams as freely, as he did the first morning, when "all the sons of God shouted for joy."

Answer, ye reckless sons of moral darkness, who deny the being of a God, and tell who opens the gates of the morning? Call it Aurora, as the ancient heathen did, if you please; but say, who sends the light at stated periods to the millions of our earth, without varying a hair's breadth, for ages on ages, and gives it definite rules, unending and unchanging? We, who believe in the revealed word of God, are sure that it has its origin from Him who dwelleth in the light that no man can approach unto. He it was, that said, "let there be light, and there was light." We most willingly admit, that none but an all-creative, all-sustaining power, could command the host of Heaven, and rule the mighty empire above, with the perfect harmony so observable to every discerning eye. The same power that laid the foundations of heaven and earth, is still requisite to keep them in their course and perpetuate their being. If the Atheist would but tell us, who gives a regular succession of day and night, of summer and winter, and causes the rising and setting of planets and constellations, and a continued return of comets, however eccentric their orbits may be, at fixed periods; then, perhaps, we might subscribe to his creed. Until this is done, we will attribute all to One infinite in wisdom, as well as in power;— who not only created all things animate and inanimate, but has given definite laws, not to all the orbs that float in illimitable space alone, but to minerals of every kind; to air and gases, visible and invisible, as well as to the entire vegetable and animal kingdoms. The law of definite proportions is as well known to chemists and as fully authenticated as the law of gravitation or the return of the seasons. What being could have so arranged the gases, as to have them unite with one another, and with certain substances in such a fixed ratio, that no fractional part can be introduced. It is well known that oxygen gas mixes or unites with other substances, either in single or double portions, or in other words, it rejects parts and enters in, and combines with, other bodies as a whole.

There is infinitely more skill manifested in the atomic arrangement of matter, in chemical affinities, and all the nice associations of the various gases, &c., than ever was manifested, by the wisest legislator of earth. Will not the Atheist admit, that none but the eternal Jehovah, could give such rules and regulations to inert matter, or such instinct to the brutes, as prepares them for their various modes of existence, and helps many of them to prepare for future exigencies, either by laying up stores of provisions, or by emigration to some distant land. The little bee builds her cells with mathematical skill; no architect on earth can draw lines with more accuracy; nor could she be a more exact workman if she were acquainted with all the principles of Euclid. Every plant that peeps its head above the surface, up to the loftiest tree that grows in the forest, follows laws as pointedly determined, as those of the Medes and Persians. Can we believe that the Supreme Being would give laws to inert matter, to merely vegetable life, and to creatures destitute of reason, possessing animal instinct alone, and yet to intellectual man, deny or withhold a code of laws, to direct him through a perilous journey in a waste, howling wilderness! Without revelation, what would man know of his origin, or end? Just this, and this alone, that he is now in being, and that he is subject to death in a moment without knowing any cause—heir to ten thousand evils, and yet ignorant of the reason why—subject to the most baleful passions, the most intense desires—with awful forebodings of the future, and yet left without a single ray of light to guide his darksome, lonely way through the intricate labyrinth of life. Now if man gave no exhibition of a deeply fallen, depraved nature; if from his very infancy, he possessed no tendency to evil, we might be led to conclude that reason alone, might guide his way. But the man is yet unborn, that never felt the force of wrong feelings and passions rankling in his bosom.

If man is in such a state, does he not need a chart by which to steer his course? Some fountain in which to wash away the pollutions of his nature; some beacon light to shine upon the dark stream of death, and gild his passage to the tomb. Just such an one, then, is that divine volume, that God gave to men. It teaches the origin and fall of man—the ransom paid for his recovery, and only asks him to love God with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself. Is this requirement so hard then, that he spurns the offer of mercy! Though bought with blood and tears, he refuses to come to the fountain that was opened in the house of David, for sin and uncleanness, and turns away to muck and mire in the filthy, contaminated streams of earth.

And now will deists tell us, why it is, that the greatest benefactors of mankind, have always been those that were the most firm believers, and constant observers of the divine law! Who are they, that hang around the bed of the sick and dying, to soothe with kindly words, and charm with the melody of song, the suffering! are they not found to be those who have with meekness, received the word, and confessed themselves strangers and pilgrims here, yet seeking for "an inheritance incorruptible and undefiled, that fadeth not away!" Do not infidels of all grades, from the Atheist who denies the existence of the Eternal One, down to those so professedly benevolent, that they cannot admit that the righteous Lord will award to every one according to the deeds done in the body, but seem to believe that the just and the unjust all go to the same heaven, that the bloody Nero, and the philanthropist Howard, meet the same doom in the world of spirits, wax worse and worse!—Surely any close observer of human actions, must be convinced of this. Look at the man who once believed in the truth of the Bible; then let him commence a skeptical career, and you will find him trembling at first with fear, to confess that he has denied the hallowed truths of God, even to himself. But as he advances, you will find him with a passionate, angry face and clenched hands, opposing the doctrine of the meek and gentle Nazarene.

The Rights of Men.

It has long been a custom to give men almost unbounded rights in all the matters of earth, and in many places, it is universally admitted that they are "monarchs of all they survey." Yet in this age of improvement many of us feel like disputing some of their pretensions to entire dominion over the weaker sex. But we will most willingly award to them their rights; for true it is, they have many that should be as binding as the laws of the Medes aud Persians, as unending as time itself.

Every man has a right to shave as often as his beard needs it. He has a right to attend assiduously to business, to deal justly and honorably with all persons. He has an undoubted right to govern his family, and all his actions, by the laws of equity and justice. He has a right to be polite and attentive to the ladies on all occasions; to aid, support, nourish and cherish them, whenever it is in his power, or at least whenever they are in any way dependent on him. It his indispensable right to lighten their burdens in many ways, such as having water brought if it be distant, especially if he be a husband; to keep a good supply of the needful on hand, such as flour, meat, potatoes, coffee, sugar, eggs and butter, together with a good cooking-stove, with plenty of fuel, well prepared and at hand. No lady I am certain, will oppose any of these rights, nor his right to pursue some lawful avocation, nor wish to hinder him from meeting his engagements in a prompt manner. Who would demur to his right to keep away from grog-shops, and all debased and polluted places; from the company of loafers, gambler's, thieves, liars, and horse-jockeys! He has a right at all times to be sober, vigilant, persevering, truthful, courageous and nobly independent. He has always a right when of proper age, and circumstances suit, to take to himself a wife; that is, if he intends to consult her ease and happiness, so far as it is in his power to do so; to share her sorrows, to heighten her joys by his presence at home when duty admits; to secure to her the blessings of life by exertion and labor. And all ladies will give up, I presume, that he has a just right to live single if he intends to drink, lie, steal, swear, desecrate the Sabbath, or be idle, ill-tempered, improvident, unsociable, ungenerous, often from home when he has no just reason to stay away; and when at home cross as a starved bear, yet requiring as much attention as Queen Victoria. Every man [illegible] right to serve his country; to defend her laws, [illegible] her just claims, to attend to all his duties [illegible] the varied relations of husband, father, brother, friend; neighbor and citizen, to acquit himself honorably in all his associations. He has an inalienable right to life, liberty, justice, mercy, truth, holiness, meekness, wisdom, prudence, and a sound understanding; and finally, to a pleasant home, an amiable wife, and dutiful children; to the honors of his country, a peaceful life, and a triumphant death; and then in eternity he will have a right to the tree of life, to a crown of glory, to a palm of victory, to the society of the just made perfect, to the companionship of angels, and to the presence of God. Then he will have a right to join in a song of praise to him who redeemed him with his blood, and brought him to the regions of infinite joy.

The rights of Females.

I hear considerable of late about the rights of females; I am really glad that the world is waking up on this subject. They have rights and privileges that should be attended to — I will notice a few that have been called up forcibly by what is saying on the subject; I think none will deny us the following rights:

All women have a right to keep their faces clean, and wear neat cleanly apparel, and have their houses kept in good order, and victuals well prepared, &c. They have a good right to keep calm and cool on all exciting subjects and political matters, especially they have an indispensible right to govern their own tempers and keep their children in subjection, that is, if they have any. No gentleman will object to their right of treating their husbands in a pleasant, courteous way. O, yes, they have a right to hold their lords fast by the most endearing bonds, and secure them by the silken cords of affection, so that they may have willing captives always delighting to serve and to please them without constraint. They have an undeniable right, to attend to their own business, and let their neighbors alone, particularly in all matters of gossip and news distributing. They unquestionably have a right to a good husband, if they mean to make his life pass pleasantly away after they have caught him. I am very glad to say that they have a right to live single if they choose to—especially if they cannot better themselves.

And permit me to add, that they have a right to be treated with candor, respect, and esteem by men in every place and on all occasions, this is their just due, undoubtedly. They have a right to improve their minds in every possible way, in science and every kind of useful knowledge. O yes, they should do this! They certainly have a right to improve their hearts, by pureness, by gentleness, by love unfeigned, by charity, by long suffering, by kindness, and by holiness. They have a superlative right, to avoid scolding and brawling, fault-finding, and peace breaking, street spinning, and every evil association, &c. They have a supreme right not to go to their neighbors to tell how very bad their husbands are, and how exceedingly cross their husbands are at times, and how weak and foolish they must have been themselves to have made such a selection. I am always pleased when I hear such things, that I have a right to avoid such difficulties by doing without a husband. It is a fact, that women have a right not to chide their husbands harshly for correcting the children that have come into their possession after marriage, by telling them, "you shan't touch my children — let them alone, I can attend to them." I have sometimes been a little amused at such scenes, and thought that these ladies had a right to give up these children to their fathers, as these husbands of theirs, did not appear to have any right in them but the privilege of supporting them and their mothers. All ladies, have a right, as a general thing, to stay at home five days out of seven and mend and make for their household's, if they be matrons, if not matrons they have a right to spend several days in the week at school or in domestic matters or in some way that will be advantageous to themselves or others. O, yes! they have a right always to be usefully employed. Females have a right to converse with men of good sense whenever they can find such, for two special reasons; first, with a view to soften and refine the sex — and secondly, to advance their own knowledge, and strengthen their intellects.

They have a special right to abhor deceit, to shun the very appearance of evil, to avoid pride, and presumption, to scorn the flatterer and thwart him in all his wily attempts, and above all to keep themselves unspotted from the world, and sin. They universally have a right to have social intercourse with men of refined feelings, and intelligent minds, who are above dissimulation. They all have a right to commend virtue, both by precept and example, to do all that they can to suppress vice, to put down oppression, to hinder fraud, to stop the mouth of profanity, to stay the tide of persecution, to seal up the lips of the slanderer, to subdue the violent and to unlock the frozen heart of man in every age and every clime. They most assuredly, have a right to soothe the sorrowing, to clothe the naked, to visit the distressed, to bind up the broken hearted, to cheer the lonely, to open their doors to the homeless, to lead the erring back to the paths of virtue, to guide the simple, to weep over the fallen, and to brighten the path-way of all, by the smile of affection, and the gentle language of love. All females have a justifiable right to attend to the altar of prayer, at the temple of God; to read and meditate upon those subjects brought to light in the gospel of Christ, to prepare for the unchanging scenes that await them beyond the tomb, and to live unblamably, and irreprovably in this poor changing world, They have beyond quesfion a right to serve God most ardently and devoutly in their day and generation, to be instant, in season and out of season, by pureness, by patience, and by all the gifts and graces that adorn their sex, until the labor of love is ended, and they shall be assured that they have a right to enter through the gates into the City, where all the atmosphere is love.

Here and There.

Here I am in a waste, howling wilderness; there I shall be in a land of corn, and wine, and oil. Here I am sometimes sick; there all sickness, distress and pain are forever gone away. Here I am in a land of vicissitudes and gloom; there I shall be where no changing seasons are ever known, no dark hours ever felt. Here flowers fade around my path, and the most choice plants wither; there the flowers will bloom in perpetual beauty, and the plants will be perennial. Here I am often afflicted with not only my own wants, but with the wants and woes of others; there all wants shall be supplied, and every woe be banished. Here my eyes are often suffused with tears, there all tears will be wiped away. Here I am often oppressed with toils and cares; there I shall be forever free from carking care and labored toil. Here I am prone to do things that cause me deep regret; there I shall be cleansed from all moral pollution, and shall have no cause of repentance.

Here I have a fallen nature to contend with, as well as a subtle foe to resist; there my nature will be free from every stain, and no wily foe will ever again intercept my path, or mislead my feet. Here I am often alone and frequently sigh for congenial friends; there I shall have constant intercourse with the good and wise of every nation. Here I sometimes give offence to those I am most anxious to please; there I shall give no shadow of offence, to the most sensitive bosom. Here I am often separated by distance or death from my most endeared friends; there no separation shall ever take place, and death is unknown among the inhabitants of that blessed country. Here doubts and fears often arise; there they shall forever subside. Here I am sometimes sad and often sigh; there my sighing will be ended, or turned to shouts of praise, for the days of mourning will be over, and I shall rejoice forever. Here I am often among strangers, and away from friends; there the whole redeemed host,, will throng around me and willingly claim alliance with the once poor worm of earth. Here I am in a dry and thirsty land; there I shall be led to full fountains of living water. Here I am sometimes hungry; there I shall eat angels' food. Here I have no lasting inheritance; there I shall have an inheritance rich as heaven, and as unending as eternity. Here I have no certain dwelling place; there I shall have a "house not made with hands," but one, "whose builder and maker is God."

SECTION XIII.

A Quarterly Meeting among the Shawnees.

It was a most beautiful day in May, when, for the first time, I took my seat among the red men of the west, on a quarterly meeting occasion.

The house was constructed of good logs, and had several good windows, a stove, pulpit, and benches, &c. It was built by the Indians, under the supervision of one missionary. I cannot describe the emotions that thrilled my bosom, while taking a survey of the congregation. On the left hand of the pulpit, sat the white females from the Mission. The converted Indians with a group of the scholars from the Mission, sat next the altar; the men on one side and the females on the other, observing as much order, as any congregation in the most refined state of society could have done. Many of the Christian Indians had thrown off their Indian garbs, and put on the costume of the whites; but these, I think, had been educated at some Mission, for all others, without exception, wore a dress, an exact medium between the most savage and civilized. The women wore the moccasin, the leggin, the short dress, and the handkerchief tied around the head. Some of the ladies had a piece of broadcloth wrapped around their bodies, a large shawl thrown over their shoulders, and then if they could get a good many ornaments in their ears and around their necks, they appeared satisfied, especially if they could have a red silk handkerchief tied on their heads. There was not a bonnet among the entire group, save those worn by the females educated at the Mission. The men or some of them, at least, wore the common coat and pantaloons, shirts made of calico, and even some white shirts with plaited bosoms. Many of the young men wore leggins, with from one to two shirts, with several sets of ruffles around the bottom. These, I fancied, were exhibited with a view to interest the ladies, for I observed that they seemed pleased to have them noticed. However, I do not know, that one that professed the Christian religion, wore them so. I mean on the outside of their leggins or pantaloons. Near the door, sat the savage party. Their faces were painted most hideously, with different kinds of paint. Their hair was cut close to the head, save the middle lock, which was carried back, down to the shoulders, and stuck full of various kinds of feathers. The rest of the head was painted in stripes, red, white, black, or yellow, or whatever color suited their fancy or their circumstance.—Some colors indicated death, and some marriage, but this method of dressing the hair was confined only to the males. The females of the savage party, wear their hair in loose disheveled locks, no comb ever having passed through it since they had an existence. The men wore many ornaments around their necks, and in their ears; such as pieces of brass, tin, silver, &c., together with beads of various colors, bear's claws, strung like beads, which formed a rich ornament around the shoulders. Their bodies were in a state of nudity above the leggins, with the exception of a blanket or buffalo robe, which was thrown on and off at pleasure; but always off when they want to display their ornaments, of which they appear exceedingly vain. The women wore a miserable, filthy kind of calico gown, made short, and something like the sacks. This came down to the leggin, and outside of this they wore a most wretched looking blanket or buffalo robe. This made up their entire apparel, as a general thing. I looked over this motley group with a throbbing heart, and tearful eyes, knowing many of them must perish for want of knowledge, and even in this world they appeared to me, to be of all that I had known, the most wretched of mankind. Soon my attention to the pulpit, called off my mind, from these poor forlorn heathen. The Rev. Dines arose with his Indian interpreter, and spoke in a plain unvarnished manner, and every word seemed to be influenced by the divine Spirit. The interpreter stood up with all that native dignity, so characteristic of true worth, and peculiarly so of the Indians. Soon might be heard the bursting sigh from many parts of the room, and many a tawny face was covered with tears. O! I never can forget that thrilling scene! It was a season distinctly marked on memory's page, with strong imperishable colors. My heart seemed greatly enlarged, and as if struggling for more room; however, a flood of tears came to my relief, and by degrees I became calm; but soon all the fountains were again moved. I had observed a very aged woman coming in after the meeting was in progress some time, leading another woman by the hand. Soon as the meeting closed, some of the white females stepped up to her, and gave her hand a gentle pressure, and as soon as she heard that they were missionaries, she commenced praising the God of Missions, in broken English, saying, "Jesus, Missionary," and then pointed to her sightless eyes first, then she pointed upwards as much as to say, "I am blind now, but I shall see in the regions above." She wept freely, and some of us felt that there was indeed a luxury in tears of sympathy. Surely infidelity itself, must have acknowledged that there was a divine reality in the religion that could fill this old blind woman's heart with joy. What could have staid her sinking spirits, poor, uncultivated, and blind as she was? What, but the hopes of a better land, where, with renewed powers, she would be privileged to look upon that Being, who suffered death to redeem her from endless misery? I am fully persuaded that the most skeptical, must admit that religion alone, gives woman her true position in society; especially, if they would look at the deep degradation of the women of the savage in his native wildness, and then look upon those who have embraced the doctrines of the Nazarene. They would discover the holy, elevating influence of Christianity. In the first case they would see females put down on a level with the meanest slave. Yes, worse than that, made like beasts, to bear intolerable burdens. In the second case, they would see them made the friend and companion of man — his solace in distress, his equal in rights and privileges, the sharer of his joys, the loved one of his bosom.

After we got through with the blind woman and her aged mother, we proceeded to a little log hut hard by, to partake of our dinner. We had taken our own dinner and provided blankets, and buffalo robes to sleep on. The meeting house was in the midst of a beautiful grove, where many tents were spread around it, being the camp-meeting ground of the Shawnees. I slept but little the first night, not having been accustomed to lie on a puncheon floor. I found that in spite of my buffalo robe, my sides were annoyed some by the ridges in the puncheons. A horse had been hitched to our tent to secure it, and in the absence of food, or for the want of a congenial friend, or just to tease us with very inharmonious sounds, it kept up a perpetual outcry nearly all night. However, I was rather more disposed to laugh than cry at this, but I had to suppress my risibles, for we had a biped in the hut within, who was as unfeeling as the quadruped without, and we were almost afraid to breathe aloud, lest we should have to suffer from the discordant sounds within as well as without. The night was short and soon passed away. The morning dawn brought with it sweeter notes, and fully repaid us for what we had endured through the night. It really seemed as if all the birds of the forest had found out we were there, and had agreed out of courtesy to give us a concert of music. I arose with the day and hastened out to see these songsters of the upper deep. But how was I surprised to find that but one or two birds had produced all this variety of sound. The little mocking bird had been imitating all other birds in so hurried and varied a manner, that no one could imagine, that the little rogue was nearly alone. I lingered long under the spreading branches of this grove, to catch the sweet notes of that little warbler, to inhale the fresh air of that early Sabbath morn, and and to view the Sun as if coming up out of the very bosom of the earth, in one of those wide spread fields of nature. The scene to me was truly enchanting. I had always admired nature even in her wildest, rudest forms, being reared amidst hills and dales, and gurgling streams, and craggy rocks, and dense woods. No wonder then, I should view this surpassingly beautiful place, with almost enthusiastic ardor. But my attention was sometimes called off on one side to look at a group of Indians sitting round a fire, and smoking their pipes in sullen silence, and then on another side, to see them preparing their frugal meal, or sitting on the ground, eating out of one dish. But my morning reflections were very soon disturbed by a call to breakfast. This, however, was not a very disagreeable call, as the breakfast was really good, and my appetite considerably sharpened by a sleepless night, and a morning's walk. As soon as breakfast was over, we were called to the temple, and for the first time I saw the dark Indian arise in love feast, to talk of Jesus and the resurrection, and for one full hour, the floor was occupied by these red men and women, who only a few years before were painted savages and the terrific foes of the white man. The love feast closed with tears and bursts of joy, and songs of praise, the Indians singing in their own language, while the Missionaries sung in English. A sermon was preached and interpreted, and then we were called to partake of the Holy Sacrament with these doubly redeemed people, if I may call them so—redeemed from dark heathenism to the blessing of civilization, and then from being children of wrath, to be children of God. Surely this was enough to awaken gratitude in every heart capable of feeling and eliciting praise; from every mouth not sealed in moral death.

Death of some Indians.

While I was at the mission an Indian Preacher died, his name was Baushman': he could preach in nine different languages, so I was told. I have heard him pray most devoutly in English. He was a good, holy man, and died in great peace. His last charge to his children was, to read the Bible, and obey its precepts. His wife had died a few months before, and he desired to be buried by her side. This was a great loss to the Indians, as a native Preacher can have more success than a white man, besides they are better acquainted with their wants, their nature, and habits, than it is in the power of white man to be. He labored faithfully as an itinerant — and had access to many nations. His children were kept at school, some at the mission, and some in the State during his life. A son and daughter were both at a high school in Missouri, at the time of his death.

A boy had been brought to the mission sometime before I got there — he was gay, and healthful when he came, but disease soon marked him for its prey. That insiduous disease consumption had fastened its fangs upon his vitals, and he was wasting away gradually. The doctor was in attendance — but medicine, nor kind attentions, nor vernal spring could restore the wasted form. He was destined to fill an early grave. What filled the heart of those that felt the worth of the undying spirit was this, the boy was still a dark heathen; he sullenly refused to talk in English, although he understood the language. He would raise from his bed and stagger about the room to procure water, or whatever he wanted, rather than condescend to ask for it in English, when his kind teacher and wife, were both ready to wait on him. I have looked upon his poor emaciated form, when in this attitude and felt that it was a pitiable sight to look upon. His constant and firm friend, was the teacher's wife, before referred to; she well knew that the poor boy must die, and she would still point him to the Lamb of God, still tell of a better home prepared for the dark Indian as well as the white man; although he never answered to her kind words: never! YES! there came a time when the tongue of the dumb was unloosed, and he spoke not just a formal answer to her words—but he spoke of the home that he was anxious to see, and would soon be at, where pain and death could never intrude. When asked if it was his Indian home a way in the plains O, no! said he, "the home the missionaries told me of." He wanted the missionary, Rev. Dines and wife, to stay by him, and would clasp his withered arms about his teacher, Rev. Dine's neck, and so died in great peace this poor, dark, heathen boy that had so long refused proffered kindness. He could talk English fast enough, as soon as he felt the consolations of religion, but until that event, no suffering or want, could move that proud heart to yield; no tender of kindness, could cause that silent tongue to speak. His body lies with some of his fellows low in the ground at the mission grave-yard — but no doubt his immortal soul reigns and triumphs above, in the regions of life and love. There the kind woman who wept and prayed for poor Paschal, as the Indian boy was called, and the teacher who gave him his first lesson in English, will no doubt hail him; not a poor emaciated wreck of wretchedness as they once saw him, but a glorious form of beauty and loveliness. O, religion how transforming is thy nature, how pure thy principles, how restoring and creative is thy power, when it makes the murderous savage into a meek christian, cleanses the hard, cruel heart of man, and gives him a new and tender heart, and turns the desert into a garden.

The Indian Prophet.

There was an Indian who seemed to be under considerable concern, about the salvation of his soul. He was a very influential man in the nation; had listened to the Missionaries until he seemed fully convinced of the errors of heathenism and the sinfulness of idolatry. He often appeared on the point of yielding up his heathen notions and embracing the doctrines of our holy religion. But then there was one serious obstacle in the way, he had two wives, and by a law of the nation, he must not put away the old one, and the young one was either too much beloved, or too useful to be spared. So he concluded that "white man" could do with one wife, but that "Indian" needed two. However, he was much affected on the subject of religion, embraced many of the customs of the whites, listened to the ministers who warned him of his danger, and finally sought admittance into the Church. One of his wives having left him, the preacher found the principal difficulty removed, freely admitted the old prophet to Church communion. Sometime after this his old wife died, and finding by experience that it was not good for man to be alone, he persuaded his young wife to come back to him. After a while he seemed to be convinced of the notion, so consonant with heathen views, that two are better than one, so he took another wife, and thus forfeited his Church membership. He now concluded that he would set up for himself, a religion more congenial to his views. So he assembled all the Indians that had not entirely renounced the whole of heathenism, and become decided members of the Church, and got many to join him. He instituted laws and regulations among his followers, such as these: no man should get drunk, or if he did he must submit to be beaten with the number of stripes that a council of old men thought the crime deserved, this prophet being at the head; they were to be industrious, and not to steal, nor to have more than two wives. But it so happened that this old prophet took a little too much of the creature himself once, and so found it hard to keep the centre of gravity. His people found him in this condition, and of course reported him drunk, as they had not learned our refined manner of saying intoxicated, inebriated, &c. But now what was to be done to their head? Who could decide against their lawgiver? Why he could, for he felt the sanctity of his own laws too forcibly, not to have them executed on himself: so he submitted to the proper authorities and suffered flagellation with true Spartan courage. It was said, however, that his chastisement was not severe, as his followers had too much respect for their prophet to beat him severely. He keeps his people in good order, restrains idleness, and prevents many evils among his folks, and so does much good.

The Indian's Superstition.

Some of the heathen Indians say, that their grandmother is in the moon, and so they will fast many days as a preparation for an interview with her. They say that she will come after they have fasted long enough, and hold conversations with them; tell them where the best hunting grounds are, and many other valuable things. Pity their faith did not cling to a better object.

Indian Mode of Rocking Babies.

I was much pleased with the Indian mode of rocking babies. They take an oblong piece of coarse linen, and laying the babe on its back on this cloth, tie the corners together, and fasten them to the limbs of a tree; thus, when the prairie winds blow it will be rocked finely, but should the winds refuse to blow, they will tie a string to the middle of the cloth and make some urchin pull it back and forth, so as to give the babe a good ride up in the air. I think it would be fine to be fixed up in the air this way, and hope some mighty genius will devise some plan, to give even grown people a chance to be rocked in an ærial cradle; surely some one who can turn water into fire and make the lightning into a mail bag, to convey news, can make a cradle of this kind!

The Wind Wagon.

I was much amused one day while attending a camp-meeting among the Indians, to see in reality what I had thought only existed in idea, a wind waggon. It was quite large, looked like a common road waggon, only the wheels were larger and made entirely of wood; a sail as large as a fishing boat sail on the river, was placed in the front part of this wind waggon, and the colors of the U. S., proudly floated on the top. One of the Indian preachers who was an abolitionist, came to the meeting and finding the stripes and stars, appeared almost in ecstacy, said, "some one told me on the road, that an abolition flag was here—but I did not know how to believe it, but sure enough there it is!" The southern Missionaries had a good laugh at the poor fellow's expense.

Now the wind wagon afforded some of the girls from the mission a little amusement, for a goodly gang of them got in, and away before the wind they went in the finest glee imaginable—but when they had gone part of the way over the prairie they found that old Boreas would take them but one course and that no whiping, chiding, nor even coaxing, would take the least effect upon this unmanagable steed,—so they came walking back, the men and boys pulling the wagon by main force. Thus ended the pleasurable ride.

Honesty of the Indians.

When the Indians encamp about the mission mill, which they frequently do in order to procure grain for bread; they will often kill the mission hogs, and then come to some of the missionaries, and make them understand, that they have found a dead hog, and ask "if Indian may not have it." Of course it will be given to them, for who would want a hog that had been weltering in its blood for many hours—often all night. They will make the missionary understand by some significant sign, the manner of death the poor hog died—for instance, they will draw their hand across their throats — to let him know that its throat was cut. They often suffer extremely for the want of food. They once dragged off the body of a calf that died of hydrophobia, and of course eat it; what became of the poor wretches, I never knew. These were savages of the Kaw Nation.

Indian Camp-meeting.

I attended an Indian camp-meeting, where the Indians were spread around like the tents of Bashan; some were eating under the trees, others sitting at their tent doors on the ground, around a bowl of hommony. As soon as dinner was over, the women collected under some trees and commenced a prayer meeting, and never before had I witnessed more earnest devotion among the sex. They sung and prayed in good earnest, though in an unknown tongue to me. They soon gave demonstrative proof of the sincerity of their hearts, by smiles and tears that alternately covered their faces; O, I shall never forget this thrilling scene. They would move from their seats and sit on the ground, to give us a place, and then by signs make us understand that they wished us to join in their worship. What a practical comment this was on the doctrine of Christ. These poor untutored children of nature, only a few years before were our mortal enemies, now they were beloved in the Lord. As the meeting progressed, many shouts were heard and many felt that God was eminently nigh to bless these red children.

At this meeting, I saw I think, about seventy Indians partake of the blessed emblems of the Savior's dying love. One white preacher and frequently two Indians, were upon the stand at the same time, the white man preaching, and the Indians interpreting: and at another time three Indians stood together, one preaching, and the others interpreting. The Shawnees, Delawares and Wyandots, were addressed; this is a slow method, but the best that could be done under the then, existing circumstances.

A scene at some Indian tents.

One day in Spring, several females of us, escorted by one man, visited the Indian mill, where a perfectly heathen tribe, called Kaws, remnants of the Kanzas tribe were located. Here they had pitched their tents, to beg, barter, buy or steal from the missionaries, as suited their inclinations or the exigency of the case. Their tents were made of buffalo robes or linen, circular in form with holes in the middle for the smoke to ascend, just such as I had read of when a child, but now my eyes beheld them. But as it was warm, the fires were mostly outside of the tent. The men were smoking or lounging round, and the women were cooking. I told some of the ladies that I was going to eat with the Indians; this made me notice them very particularly. The first tent we came to, the women had the lights of a hog as bloody as blood could make them—stuck on a stick sharpened at one end, and the other drove down in the ground, this was roasting finely before a good fire. At another tent, the woman was boiling meat in some kind of a pot; she skimmed off the top and threw it upon meal in some kind of a vessel—and then commenced making out little cakes for dumplings; but having no table or dishes of any kind, she remedied the difficulty by laying them down at our feet on the ground, where they had been for several days until the dust had greatly multiplied in that loose soil. This is only one specimen out of many that I might give you of their cleanliness. I of course did not participate with them, for I was not quite enough Indianized, to swallow so much dirt at any one time. We sought out the tent of the chief; he was sitting smoking when all of us came up and formed a semi-circle around him. He asked the man with us how many wives he had, the gentleman pointed to us all—now we were six in number, and the old savage seemed delighted at the thought, that a white man should be so fortunate as to obtain so many good slaves, for this seems to be their view of females. Be this as it may, I am sure the old fellow was pleased, for said he in broken English, "must be chief den." I had my vanity a little gratified by feeling assured that I was taken for principal squaw, as the old chief handed Mr. A., our escort, a wing and pointed to me, making signs that I was to have it, I refused but he shook his head and pointed to me again. I tried to give it to Mr. A's wife, a very delicate little woman, but the old Kaw seemed angry, jirked it out of her hand and gave it back to A. and pointed to me. I thought if I must I would take it, and so I did. I suppose the reason of the preference given, arose from the fact that I was more disposed to show friendship than the other ladies, or it might be because I was larger than the rest, for the Indians seem disposed to reverence size. I was quite amused one day at one of these same Kaws. He came to the mission and agreed to work for pay, he happened to discover a lady there, who had been a missionary among them several years; she was the wife of W. Johnson, who died among them some years before. He immediately recognized her, seemed much pleased, and as she could speak the language they entered into conversation very readily. I soon saw that the old man fixed his eyes on me, very intently, and seemed much interested in some matter. I asked the lady what was up; O, said she, "the old Kaw wants your dress to make him a coat, he says he cannot preach with the old rags on that he has, but if you would give him that pretty dress then he could preach like the big man," meaning the superintendent, who was a very large man. The dress was the raw-silk and had very brilliant colors; this exactly met this poor savage's views of grandeur. I wanted to see if this poor heathen, like some white men would flatter, I told her to ask him if I were pretty; O, said he, "she much pretty." I then pointed to another lady, and told her to ask him which was the prettiest; O, said he, still pointing to me, "she much pretty," then pointing to the other, "she some pretty." This he spoke in broken English. It is said that they have no word for beauty, but pretty. So I succeeded in getting a compliment from this son of the forest and as it is said that females are fond of flattery, I might have had my vanity excited, could I have considered this poor Kaw a competent judge of beauty, and had I been assured that any thing short of a sinister motive, had prompted this red man to put me in advance of the comely woman referred to. Yet I could not help laughing at the cunning he exhibited, and how fully he represented his sex.

Indian Country.

I know of no country on earth that seems better calculated to meet the entire wants and pleasures of man, than the Indian country, 12 miles west of Independence. Here are wide spread prairies, beset with the finest shrubbery, skirted with large trees: on every hand, you may cast your eyes over beds of roses and flowers of every hew, with a covering of deep green beneath your feet, such as nature in her gayest moods is wont to wear. Here flitted birds of every wing, and there scampered rabbits in playful mood. In some places bubbling springs burst upon the view, and in others gurgling rills were wending their onward way to the great ocean. These waters, noiselessly invite the thirsty to drink of the purest beverage ever provided by a benevolent God, for the wants of man. I loved to linger in the delightful plains, and some times was ready to exclaim, " O, that I had a lodging place here. But with all their beauties and glories, there were some evils. What country is exempt ! Here roamed the ruthless savage in all his native wildness, and some too, wearing the garb of civilized humanity, who, for the sake of filthy lucre, sold out liquid poison to these poor wretches.

I was pleased to visit the room where once the sainted, (I had almost said) the angelic, Phebe Browning, taught the Indians. O! how I loved to steal away to that place where she had often wept and prayed while a sojourner below. Many may go there, and many have been there, but one more lovely or beloved, will never find that region. I never saw one of her sex that I loved more fondly, that was not allied to me by blood. She was amiable, above deception, captivating in her manners, and most affectionate in her disposition, ardently devoted to religion, given to hospitality, ever on the alert to do good, to communicate pleasure, to relieve the suffering, to soothe the desponding, to guide the weak and erring into the paths of peace, and to convince all around her that religion was eminently needful for all the race of man; having the promise of this life, and an Eternity of bliss hereafter. Rev. A. Monroe said to me once, "the last walk I ever took with sister Browning was in St. Louis, on an errand of mercy. She asked me to go with her to visit a poor sick woman. O, said he, "what a pious, devoted Christian she was." Noble woman; she now is reaping a rich reward! She was an only daughter, almost idolized by her tender parents, and fond, confiding brothers who never seemed willing that the winds of heaven should visit her rudely, devoting herself to employment, of the roughest kind among the sick and the Indians. Once weeping over the follies and miseries of others, she is no doubt, now mingling with the purest and best. Her social spirit has joined the upper company, and with a host of her old associates on earth, she has joined in acclamations of praise to him who sacrificed himself to redeem a guilty world. Bliss to her spirit!

We arrived at the Indian Mission on Saturday. The following Monday, I commenced teaching in the female department. I have experienced such emotions but seldom through life, as thrilled my bosom on that occasion; gratitude to God for his abundant mercy in bringing me safely through dangers seen and unseen; inspiring me from the earliest period of my rational existence with a disposition to teach the desolate, and then placing me in this interesting group gathered up from the scattered tribes of the West. The remnants of those injured people who have been driven, time after time, from their hunting grounds, their homes and the graves of their ancestors. In this school were representatives, from several tribes, still holding a place among the nations, and a few others whose nations were extinct or nearly so. I looked upon those girls with uncommon delight, though dark, they were comely. I have often sat with a circle of interesting young ladies around me, whose brightly beaming eyes, and intelligent countenances and sprightly answers, gave a thrill of joy, and whose affectionate conduct won the applause and admiration of my heart. Yet it remained for these children of nature, these poor untutored girls, to awaken the most thrilling sensations I had ever felt. True they had haunted my sleeping and waking visions from childhood. I had thought of their destitution and longed for an opportunity to teach them to speak the name of Jesus. The reader may imagine then, how I felt when I found myself in reality, surrounded with them, sometimes bathed in tears, while I talked to them of the dying Savior, the bright heaven of rest that awaited the good, and tried to make them understand as best I could, the immortality of the soul; these were seasons never to be forgotten. If on the shores of life above, I should only be permitted to meet even one of these children redeemed from heathenism and eternal darkness, I shall be devoutly grateful to all eternity. Many of the Indian children are tinctured with white blood. This perhaps, made some of them learn more readily; they are very playful when in a good humor, but when displeased they are sullen in their dispositions. I never saw any girls that could exceed them at jumping the rope, this was their usual employment at noon.

The Methodist mission farm contains three large brick houses, a store and a mill, all devoted to this mission. They have quite a number of horses, cows and hogs; and raise large quantities of grain, &c., on the farm. This mission is supported by Government funds.

SECTION XIV.

Extracts From Ancient History.

For the first eighteen centuries, the history of the world is nearly buried in oblivion. Little more is known respecting mankind, from the creation to the deluge, than that they lived some hundreds of years, and then died, leaving their children to inherit their lands, &c. Nimrod, the mighty hunter, spoken of in the Bible, laid the foundation of the city and kingdom of Babylon. His son was named Ninus. He succeeded his father, and built, or rather enlarged, the city of Nineveh, which is said to have been sixty miles in circumference, enclosed by a wall one hundred feet high, and so wide that three chariots could run abreast on its summit. Semiramis, the wife of Nimrod, and mother of Ninus, was one of the most extraordinary women on record. It is said she employed two millions of men in erecting superb structures, and magnificent works, about Babylon. Babylon was the noblest city ever built by man. The description of its gardens hung in the air, and watered by means of an engine from the bed of the river Euphrates, together with its walls, gates, streets, &c., is superlatively grand. Semiramis was celebrated for heroism, and masculine virtues. She was succeeded by her son Ninyas. But it is a matter of history, that all account of the Assyrian empire is lost for more than one thousand years. It ended 1668 years after its foundation by Nimrod.

Xerxes was a Persian monarch, who had the largest army ever collected together. Some historians say it numbered 2,641,610, and if we add the women and slaves, it will amount to 5,000,000. He had 1,200 ships. Yet with all this vast host he fled and crossed the Hellespont in a fishing boat Xerxes is called great, but from history it appears evident that he was great only in follies and vices. Mithridates was one of the most warlike men of Asia. He maintained a war with the Romans forty years. However, he was defeated by Pompey on the plains of Pharsâlia. Such is the fate of monarchs.

Greece was founded by Cecrops, 1450 years before Christ. The Grecians stand unrivalled in

Oratory, Poetry, Architecture, and Sculpture. Alphabetic writing was introduced among them by Cadmus. Paris was the son of Priam, and was said to be the most beautiful man in his day. He seduced Helen from her husband, the king of Sparta. She is represented as being the most perfect beauty of ancient times. Lycurgus was a celebrated lawgiver of Greece. He abolished the gold and silver currency, and allowed no money to be used but iron — a very heavy coin indeed. The Olympic games flourished in his day. It is said by historians that the Greek language seems, from its earliest period, to have been the most perfect language nature ever formed, or Divine wisdom ever inspired. Solon was a wise man of Greece. He united in one body the scattered rays of political wisdom and experience, gleaned up from the wisest nations of his time, who mingled mercy with justice, and the sternest precepts of philosophy with the softer dictates of sensibility and compassion. Pausanias was a very great general, but afterwards became a traitor. From the fact that his crime still lives in history, let us learn the perpetuity of disgrace. Themistocles was a famous general — yet, after having secured the liberties of Greece, and become one of her most popular men, he was banished from her dominions, and died by taking poison, rather than destroy Athens for Artaxerxes, king of Persia, who had protected him during his exile. Pericles was a great orator and statesman of Athens, and a consummate general. He died of the plague that nearly depopulated Athens. When on his death-bed, his attendants were expatiating on his many splendid victories: "Ah!" exclaimed the expiring chief, "dwell not on these actions, which are rather to be ascribed to fortune than skill. You have forgotten the most valuable part of my character, and that alone on which I can now reflect with pleasure—that none of my fellow citizens have been compelled, through any action of mine, to wear a mourning robe." One memorable circumstance, which should be noticed, is this: when the Athenians were taken prisoners by the Silicians, they were doomed to labor in the quarries, sold as slaves, by order of the Syracusans, who put the generals to death. The Sicilians were so charmed with the poetry of Euripides, when recited by their Athenian slaves, that they liberated all who could repeat his most beautiful passages. These captives, on returning to Athens, presented themselves to Euripides, and hailed him as their deliverer. Lysander was a perfidious Spartan general. His favorite maxim was, "Children should be deceived by toys, and men by oaths." Epaminondas, the great Theban general, was killed by a Spartan. When dying, he expressed no concern, but about the fate of the battle. On being assured that his army had won the day, he calmly said, "All then is well," and expired. Philip, king of Macedon, was a crafty, ambitious monarch. He once said that he despaired of taking no city into which he could introduce a mule laden with gold. He corrupted all the principal men of Athens, except Demosthenes.

In the heighth of his glory, he was slain at the celebration of his daughter's nuptials, by an obscure Macedonian, named Pausanus. His son, Alexander the Great, succeeded him. He was educated by the celebrated Aristotle. At an early age, he tamed the mighty war horse, Bucephalus, after all hopes of subduing him had been given up. When he alighted from the horse, his father kissed him, and wept saying, "My son, seek a kingdom worthy of thee, for Macedon is below thy merit." But this was only the beginning of his splendid career. He afterwards conquered Darius, the mighty monarch of Persia, in many different battles, in one of which, he took his whole family prisoners. Having subjected this great kingdom, taking many other cities and countries, the principal of which were Tyre, Phœnecia, and Egypt, he entered India, and subdued Porus, the most powerful chief of that country, and overran his empire. He finally arrived at the limits of old Ocean, a monarch which has never yet yielded to the sway of man, where, it is said by some historians, he "sat down and wept, because there were no more worlds to conquer." After hav'ng accomplished all this, he commenced a career of debauchery, which soon terminated his existence. Being at the heighth of earthly power and glory, he also wished to be thought a god, and for this purpose, it is said that he drank an immense quantity of wine, which brought on a raging fever, of which he died in the 33d year of his age, having reigned but 13 years. Thus, intemperance conquered, where the sword had failed.

The great Alexandrian library consisted of two parts, one of which contained 300,000 volumes, and the other 200,000. It is justly remarked by an able historian, that the genius of war forsook the Greeks, and went over to the Carthagenians.

Demosthenes, one of the greatest orators that has lived in any age, fled from Antipater, Alexander's successor in Macedon, and took refuge in the temple of Neptune. His enemies, fearing to violate a sanctuary, used every art of persuasion to draw him from his retreat. Demosthenes, having no hope of favor from Antipater, withdrew into the interior of the temple, where, under pretence of writing to his family, he placed a poisoned quill in his mouth, which soon ended his life.

SECTION XV.

Family Government.--The Folly of Parents.

I have often been led to deplore the extreme folly of some parents in the manner of governing their children. I have spent many years from home in different families, and have observed minutely the various forms of family government, from the most tyrannical despotism, down to the perfectly ridiculous, where the children themselves seize the reins of government, the greatest tyrant often being the smallest child. Perhaps one or two examples may assist the mind in forming some conception of this last named evil. Take the elevated example of a respectable merchant, and his most captivating wife. He thinks her a paragon of wisdom,and no doubt,but she deems him as far in advance of Solomon, as steamboat navigation is in advance of the Indian canoe in point of velocity. They regard their children as models of perfection. Yes, their children have caught the improvement of the age, and they are made to feel that they are far wiser at ten years of age, than their predecessors were at twenty, and wiser too, than the children of their neighbors. The parents make them feel all this, by constantly rehearsing in their hearing, their astonishingly profound sayings, and wonderful doings. "Now only think," says the mother alluded to,"what our Dick said, only think! why really, he said, if the birds would claw out his eyes, that Heavenly Father would come down and put them in again." "Most astonishing!" said the father: "I never heard the like! How do you suppose he ever thought of that, my dear?" says the mother, "O, I reckon he learned it of you and me, my dear; but Dicky is getting ahead of the times. If he wants a drink of water, he will call his own nigger to wait on him, though his nig is in the kitchen, and he in the house where the water is!" "That's right my son," exclaims this wise father, "always make your own nigger wait on you." Thus, you see, he is lauded over all creation for his smartness, and of course feels himself to be of great consequence. The ears of every visiter are saluted with his feats of valor: for be it known, he sometimes fights, and as a matter of course, conquers—the poor little servants well know that master Dicky "rules the roast." Now is told what Kate said; then what Luke did. The children continually hear themselves lauded for impertinent acts, and it is no wonder they assume the most repulsive forms of conduct. Often at table, when the young group are assembled, one helps herself to this, and another bawls out for that, and if not attended to at once, brings such an alarming thump on the table as to make all the dishes jingle, and every one stares round, while the mother is roused to a stentorian yell, "what's the matter, I say!" "I want some TATERS," screams the obedient urchin. The table is completely a scene of confusion, while every person feels annoyed and almost out of patience with these jewels! The father, after ceaseless efforts to quell the tumult, will call out in despair, "Mother, do you know why our children are worse than any other children? Why, I never saw the like; did you?" If he had only appealed to me, I could have given him a definite reason. I surely would have attributed all the misconduct of the children to the consummate folly of the parents. Had they but been prompt and prudent in their government, all would have been decent and orderly. The children may thank their parents for their own unlovely manners. But in a few moments the feelings of the father begin to calm down, and he commences an apology for what he has said against his idols, by remarking, "I think our children are quite as good as others away from the table, but then Luke hallows so loud I cannot hear myself speak, and Kate teases me so much that I can hardly bear it, and Dick is calling out for something all the time, while Dunk is spilling the molasses and gravy and every thing else, and spoiling the table cloth, and Harry is in the corner pouting because some one has taken his place. O, my dear, I do wish you would manage the children better." "Its your own fault, Mr. Juniper, you spoiled them at first." Then an altercation commences between this loving couple, which generally terminates in victory on the side of the wife. "O yes, my dear," says the sagacious husband, "I believe you are right, but then I want to indulge my own children; they must not be whipped, not they. When I was a scholar, why I fought my teacher, and my father approved of it. I am sure I would expect my sons to fight if they were whipped." But this is only one instance out of many, where fathers show so much weakness. The mothers are the principal actors in these scenes, and who can tell the incalculable injury done to the rising generation by suffering children to grow up in habits of disobedience. How often I have heard a mother call out, "Be still, there; you are making too much noise." When the little urchin, knowing that his mother had not acted with promptness on former occasions, and feeling that he will escape with impunity, do what he may, commences with renewed effort a most uproarious strain of laughter, and continues peal after peal, to the great annoyance of all present. At another time, you may have heard her trying to silence one of these little dears that has taken it into its head to cry for some little trifle. She tugs away till she becomes weary, and exhausts every one's patience both with herself and child. But it goes on louder and louder till this weak mother yields the point, and either gives it the very thing she has been assuring it that it could not, should not have, or compromises with it by giving it a part. Thus the seeds of disobedience and rebellion, both with reference to man and God, are nurtured from the very cradle. You may hint to such parents that you think some more decisive form of goverment would be better; and, if you do not receive a plain intimation that it is none of your business, they will begin to make excuses, often in the hearing of these little despots—such, for instance, as this, "his daddy, or great grand-daddy, or some uncle, did so, and he just takes after him." Well, if his uncle, or grandfather got drunk, must the child do so too? I rather think not.

I recollect boarding in a family once, where the mother went on the hiring system. No child was expected to do the most trivial act without the matter of payment all being arranged before hand, and generally it must be paid in advance. Now, I have heard these children, time and again, tell their mother they would not do the job, after having secured the pay, and then she would begin to chide and scold them about being disobedient. More than once have I seen her turn off, and hire a second child to do what the first refused to do, after getting possession of its fee. And yet these very children yielded the most implicit obedience to every mandate of their father, and that without the least severity on his part. "Come off that table," says one of these very kind of mothers referred to, "or I will whip you." "No, I wont," said the urchin. "I will whip you," reiterated this good mother, "if you do not get down immediately." "I wont get down, I tell you," continued the boy. "Well then," said this conscientious mother, "I will not make you tell a story;" so down she lifted the boy. Now, was not this admirable policy, to falsify her own word and suffer the boy's impudence rather than make him lie! O, how very commendable, are such proceedings! I boarded in a family not many years since, where the boys were permitted to roam all over creation, on the Sabbath, often fetching home with them corn and melons that grew in some neighbor's field. The mother knew all about this, but it was kept from the religious father, for fear he would punish these dear creatures, and so they were permitted to grow up to be rogues and Sabbath breakers, rather than suffer for their crimes before the habit became confirmed. O, what a dreadful account some parents will have to give in the day of judgment! How often too, have I seen little girls in town, running from house to house both night and day, without even the knowledge or consent of their poor, easy, infatuated mothers, contracting habits of gadding and indolence, that will disqualify them in all future life for real usefulness.* How deplorable is such management!

But how very different is the family circle, where the parents' words are law; where the children are early taught habits of industry, economy and neatness. I love to live in the sunshine of such a place. One example alone and I am done. My friend H. has just such a family. I spent many days there, and never heard one loud, unpleasant word, never witnessed one act of wilful disobedience; never saw one real sour face. It was a pleasure to hear these children converse, they spoke so mildly, and seemed delighted to gain instruction rather than make impertinent remarks and inquiries. In fact I was convinced that these parents were quite judicious in their family arrangements. I could but notice that if the interesting group were coming to the table, and the least noise or altercation happened to take place, they were remanded to their room with a firm, decided tone, but not an unpleasant one, to right up. They uniformly retired without uttering a murmur or complaint, and although evidently pained, they remained entirely quiet, until one of their parents, said in a pleasant tone, "now, if you are good you may come to the table;" when every countenance brightened up, and calmly they came to their meals, which was proportioned to them according to their wants, not according to the caprice of their own wishes and will. Here was no pulling nor contending for the largest nor best portion; every one was satisfied with what was given, and made to feel that eating was not the all important matter of life, but merely its sustainer. I remarked to Mr. H. that he had his family well regulated. "O," said he, "I always said this, when I was a young man, and annoyed by the rudeness and obstinacy of other people's children, that I would have my children good, if I ever had any, but I was told that my song would be different if I ever became a father, but I have not altered my notion, and have found no difficulty in pursuing a straight forward course, as my wife and I are of one heart and mind on this subject."

Lines:

Written impromptu, on being presented with a ball ticket by an interesting young gentleman, with a request to partake of a splendid supper which was to be given on Christmas evening, if I could not participate in the dance. This was a custom among professors of religion in that place.

I'd go, if life were all a dream,
An empty show, a passing stream,
That quickly glided by;
I'd drink the gilded cup of joy,
And freely take the base alloy,
Would 't repress one sigh.

But I'm destined to certain death,
And must ere long resign my breath,
  This is my solemn doom ;
No empty joy, no vain delight,
"Should spend the day, or share the night,"
  I'm hastening to the tomb.

The young, the gay, don't think of this,
They seek for transitory bliss,
  They bow at folly's shrine ;
They spend their golden hours and days,
In dances, or in trifling plays,
  Thus passes off their prime.

But death, I'm sure will come apace,
And change each lovely form and face.
  Too late they may repent,
That time has been to folly given,
And parties won their souls from Heaven ;
  O! how they will lament.

*But, sir, I prize the kind intent,
That caused the ticket to be sent,
  I'm sure you meant no harm ;
And friendship always warms my breast,
However it may be express'd ;
  It gives to life a charm.

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* The young gentleman referred to, was not a professor of religion, and of course could not think it wrong for a stranger, as I then was, to mingle in such company, where other professors went.

But then I'd choose some other way,
To celebrate that hallowed day,
That gave my Savior birth;
I fain would join the social throng,
In prayer, and praise, and holy song,
I'd have my Christmas mirth.

A History of Rev. S. H.

He was a talented young minister, who frequented my mother's house, when I was young in years and full of romantic ideas. He possessed a devoted heart, warm with ardent aspirations after knowledge, but he was a true devotee of the cross of the blessed Redeemer; not merely a formal professor of the religion of Jesus, but one whose heart and life corresponded with the profession he made. He had turned his attention to science in an eminent degree, and was well versed in Biblical literature. He was a good historian, and was well acquainted with the most celebrated poets of ancient as well as modern times. In fact, I know of but few young men, that had given so much attention to the cultivation of the mind as he had done. But in doing this, he appeared not to labor for fame, but utility — not to shine, but to edify — not to gain admiration, but to lead the erring, to strengthen the weak, and confirm the wavering — not to elicit the applause of the multitude, but to convince the guilty, to cheer the desolate, and open up the pure fountains of pleasure to the young, in so attractive a form as to win them away from scenes of worldly pleasure, and perishing joys. All this I well remember, for I was one who listened to his ministry with curiosity, at first to hear what I thought a polished discourse, whose only merit perhaps was the intelligence displayed, but afterwards with intense interest to learn the sacred truths he taught, respecting man's origin and end. He deviated so much from some others I had known, in his private conduct that he was a mystery to me; for though he was cheerful and remarkably conversable and pleasant, yet there was none of that light frivolity—that talking about nothing, that I had noticed in many other of both sexes, who had nominally professed Christianity. I had then conceived of religion, the most erroneous views; disliking the loose, careless manners of young professors, who like myself, could join the giddy play circle, and spend their time in trifling amusements. I had vested religion in so sanctimonious a garb, that I deprived it of many of its innocent enjoyments. My thoughts thus beclouded by superstitious views, led me to believe that if I were to embrace the holy doctrines of the Bible, I must become the most perfect recluse, and quit the company of the young and cheerful forever. This sacrifice, my vain and foolish heart did not seem inclined to make; yet I did feel most thrillingly that there was a thorn in every flower, and a bitter dreg in every cup of earthly joy. This caused me to view with deep solicitude this young minister's conduct, for though the purity of his conversation and his devotional spirit were in accordance with my views of piety, yet the cheerfulness of his countenance, the urbanity of his manners, contradicted the stern, gloomy effect that I had thought would necessarily result, from a life of devotion and prayer.—However, I was led by degrees to think religion might be a more cheerful, pleasant thing than I had imagined, not knowing as I have since done, that this divine principle alone inspires true cheerfulness. I could after so long a time reconcile myself to the idea of blending happiness and religion, even in this world together. But then there was one matter I could not get over, and that was this: truly renovated beings, who like old Stephen, walked with heaven in view, would not, could not, agreeable to my limited conceptions, have their affections placed on any form of earth, so as to induce them to change their relation in life. And this I thought was Paul's teaching on the subject, that they that were single cared for the Lord, and tried to please him.

The reader may judge that my astonishment was great, when I found out that this unusually devoted man, should have conceived so preposterous an idea, as to think that he might increase his happiness by an earthly alliance. This to me was altogether inexplicable at that time; but true it was, my good, holy preacher, had fixed his eyes upon a young being with whom I was early and indeed almost constantly associated. She was not even a member of the church at the time, and though she often confessed to me that she was very anxious to obtain "the pearl of great price," yet she possessed a volatile heart, and so ignorant was she of the true requirements of the infinite Jehovah, that for many years, she was under the bondage of sin and Satan, "ever learning," it is true, but seeming "never able to come to the knowledge of the truth." With this poor, dark child of nature, whose only companions were the members of her own family, and a few plain, unvarnished young folks, who, like herself, had been brought up in a rough, broken country, unrefined by learning and unvisited by song, save of the birds that flitted in their woods, and carolled their wild lays to the gurgling streams. Her only amusement was a book of which she was passionately fond, and all the accomplishment she could boast of was a plain, honest heart. This country rustic, had without knowing it, or ever designing it, caught the attention and deep interest of Mr. H., who really appeared to me to be infatuated, to be won by one so much his inferior, in almost every point of view, but especially in piety and intelligence. But of his attachment to her I was fully assured, for as she was an inmate of my mother's family for many years, and as Mr. H. made his home at our house, I had the matter fully before me, and besides, I was the mutual confident of both.

Although many wiser and better than herself, might have felt flattered by his attentions, yet this young heedless girl, seemed too much absorbed in other schemes and contemplations, to be aware of his attachment, having as she had often assured me, determined to live single, until, at all events, she had done some little good in the world, believing as she often said, "that there were but few who lived in such a manner as to make marriage a blessing," and besides, as Mr. H. never descended to flattery, and was so conscious of the worth of religion himself, that he urged upon the mind of this young, artless being, the necessity of entering upon a religious course, that he had awakened her conscience more, perhaps, than won her affections. It was not long however, until he convinced her of what his views and feelings were by an open, candid confession, and soon after by making his propositions so definite, that the most ignorant, could not but understand. She had been persuaded by an elder brother and widowed mother to listen to his proposals, and feeling the deepest veneration for his character, she did not wish to trifle with him for a moment, but plead that six weeks might be afforded her for consideration, before her final answer would be required. This was reluctantly granted by Mr. H., who returned home in the interim, to sicken and to die. Before he finished his career on earth, he committed the object of his affections to his fond parents' care. And then in the triumphs of a living faith he passed away from the church below, to join the innumerable company of the church above, and left that young, inexperienced girl to wander alone in a world of sorrow, death and tears. Many years have passed by in rapid succession, yet still she is a traveller in a waste, howling wilderness without an earthly protector. I met her some years ago in a far distant land; yet she is not discouraged, for her trust is in the living and true God.

The Choice of a Husband.

Should I describe the being I could love,
And would be willing to regard as mine:
I'd have him thus: innocent, artless, cheerful —
Full of good humor, of pleasing manners,
And yet possessing a feeling heart that's
Ever ready to relieve the wretched,
And soothe the woes of others. I would not ask
For beauty, but let him be manly, and
Agreeable in his appearance; not
Surly, rough and hostile, but complaisant,
Gentle, mild, easily entreated; yet
Strictly firm, and rigid to what's right,
Not fickle nor easily moved, when
He's pursuing a just course. I'd have him,
Right, and firm, and just, and good. I would not ask
For wealth, but let him possess enough of
This world's goods to keep us above want; and
Easy competence, so that we may be
Free from pining want, and enabled to
Treat our friends with kindness. I too must have
The first place in his affections — I mean
Of earthly kind, and could not be content
Without, but let him love and serve his God

Supremely, not merely in outward form,
Or ceremony, but in thought and deed;
And let the ardor of his devotion
Be poured forth, before the eternal throne,
Each morn and night. O! give me such an one
As this, or let me walk alone, my threescore years
and ten.

A Poem:

Written for Miss Mary Soule Monroe, daughter of Rev. Andrew Monroe, a member of the Missouri Conference. It is published as a memento of regard to the devoted father, who requested the poem for his young daughter. His ardent prayers for my safety and protection, and his kind attentions, when I was a stranger in a strange land, merit my gratitude. May kind heaven smile propitiously on him, through the toilsome journey of life, and finally may he rest with Paul, Silas and the beloved John, and shine as a star in the regions above, is the sincere prayer of one, who feels under lasting obligations to this man of God.

A father has asked for his child,
A gift in poetical form,
A something enchantingly wild,
Or pleasingly gentle to charm.

I wish that the muses would lend
Their aid in its loveliest light,
Instruction with pleasure to blend
To give the young spirit delight.

Then Mary, I'd send you a song,
 That would call your attention away,
From the giddy and trifling throng,
 That would willingly lead you astray.

Yet pleasure I'd spread for thy feet,
 In science, that pathway of light,
Where graces in harmony meet,
 And shine too effulgently bright.

Now Miss Soule, I will frankly confess,
 That nothing appears to my mind,
That has such a power to bless,
 As religion, with learning combined.

These, these, give a charm to the soul,
 May these then your bosom inspire
May religion your passions control,
 And science will light a pure fire.

Thus, a friend, though to Mary unknown, *
 Would ask of that God who has given
A spirit of love from his throne,
 To fit her young spirit for Heaven.

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* The writer never saw Miss Mary S.

Farewell:

WRITTEN, DECEMBER 31, 1848, BETWEEN 9 AND 12, O'CLOCK, P. M.

I say, farewell old year — a long, a kind adieu;
The new one now is near, pressing to view:

How swiftly time has flown! How many changes
wrought!
How many friends are gone! how sad the thought!

Some few with us remain, they too will soon be
gone;
We fain would some detain, 'tis hard to be alone,
Yet God is good and just, we'll bow to his behest;
We know we ought to trust—his will is best.

And we ourselves, believe God is too wise to err—
So good he can't deceive, then why demur:
Though loved ones passed away through this departing year,
We fain would had them stay, our hearts to cheer,

But no! this could not be, all things are changing
here,
And we may not be spared to see another year:
The hand that writes this song will soon be cold in
death,
It cannot sure be long, till I resign my breath.

Then, fare-thee-well old year, I'll hasten to the
skies—
I'll meet those loved ones there, with sweet surprise:
I'll join the heavenly throng, I'll strike some golden lyre,
I'll sing redemption's song, with the blest choir.

THE END.